The Literary Digest

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Mail

Townsend

Sir:—Please allow me to call your attention to an error in your article on page 9 of a recent issue, headed "Townsend's Walk." In the fifth paragraph is the following: "He also said that Rockefeller, Morgan, Ford and other rich men would be eligible for the Townsend Plan Pension."

I firmly believe that Doctor Townsend never made such a statement. I have read the proposed Townsend Bill which was introduced in the House. All persons over sixty years with an income of LESS than $200 per month are eligible, but what income they may have is to be deducted from the $200 and the balance is to be paid to them. All evidence furnished with applications must be under oath.

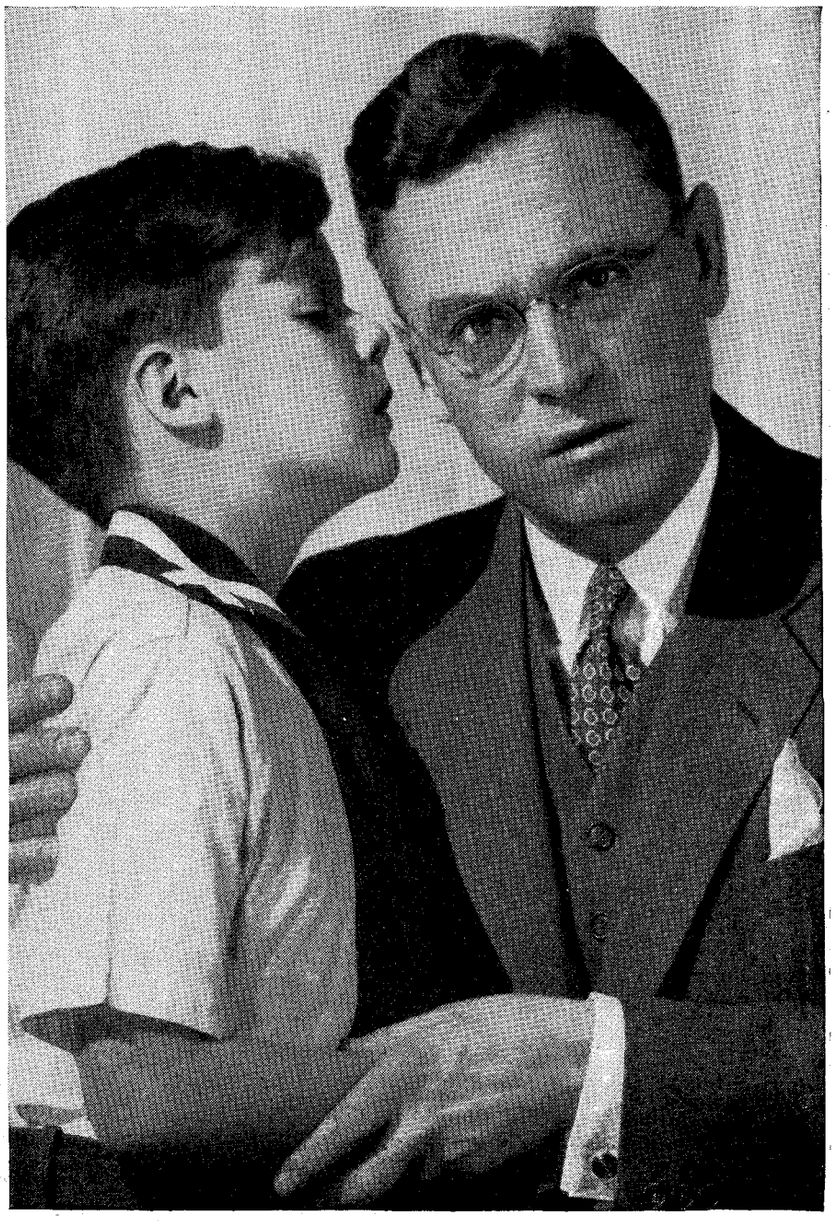
Olean, New York. JOHN SLOANE.

Law and Constitution

Sir:—On page 43 of the issue of May 16, I read: "If I am rightly informed, this is the only country in the world in which the courts can annul an act of the lawmaking body."

The writer is not well informed. Law 8 of 1931 of the Republic of Panama was brought into the courts of the land to determine its

(Continued on page 39)



If you want the truth, go to a child

LATELY, Jepson had felt himself slipping as a salesman. He couldn't seem to land the big orders; and he was too proud to go after the little ones. He was discouraged and mystified.

Finally, one evening, he got the real truth from his little boy. You can always depend on a child to be outspoken on subjects that older people avoid.

* * *

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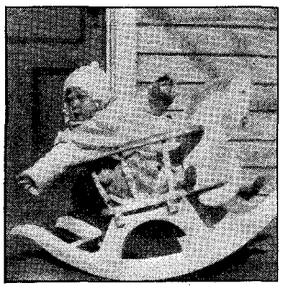

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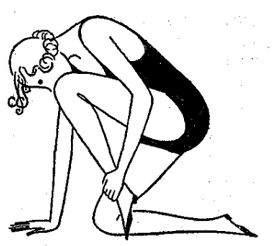

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The Literary Digest
NEW YORK JUNE 13, 1936

Topics of the day

ELEPHANT HERO AT POLITICAL CIRCUS

President-Naming G. O. P. Grooms Two Men and a Platform

An unsuspecting Frenchman, arriving in Cleveland this week, might well think the Forest City had suddenly gone mad to a man; a small boy would be fairly certain the circus was in town.

Either one, descending from the train at

Acme Photos

Delegates and boosters arrive at the political conventions in a shouting mood . . .

the Union Terminal in Prospect Avenue, or at the Pennsylvania Railroad's station beside Lake Erie, would be caught up in a sea of flags and bunting. And if he followed the forty-piece "Land With Landon" brass band up Superior Avenue and Ontario Street to the Mall, he would hear sounds issuing from the massive limestone Public Auditorium calculated to confirm either suspicion.

But no one in Cleveland is mad—except perhaps at the Democrats; and of all the menagerie a circus boasts, only the Elephant is in town. The tumult and shouting comes from the floor of the Republican National Convention, where 1,001 voting delegates, 1,001 alternates, and 10,000 lookers-on are grooming two men and many platform planks to send against Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal in November.

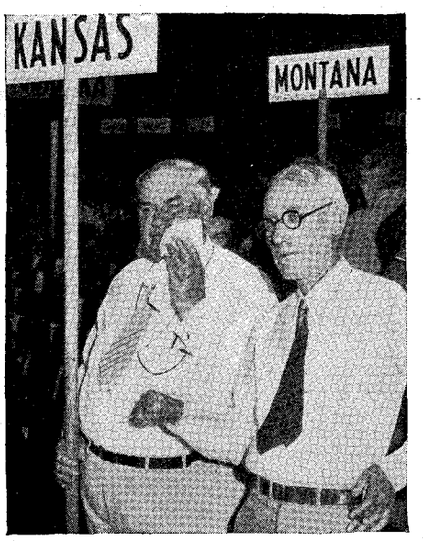
On Tuesday they filed into the enormous rectangle—these men and women who hoped to make a President. Governors of States brushed elbows with small-town bankers, and Senators bumped into political ward bosses. Smartly dressed clubwomen chatted in clusters, obviously thrilled that their sex represented a quarter of the convention strength, but for the moment more concerned with the knitted sports things they had glimpsed in Euclid Avenue.

Great and Small—Thousands of curious milled about in the great balconies on three sides of Public Hall, straining over the cream-white railing for a look at the great and near-great, who overflowed into the adjoining Public Music Hall.

Then Louis Rich, musical director of Station WHK, rose in the center of the stage, lightly tapped his stand. Thirty blue-and-white musicians responded with a blast of "East Side, West Side, All Around the Town." Cheers and whistles from the New York section. Delegates cut their conversation short, and scurried to their appointed places.

"East Side, West Side" had changed to "California, Here I Come," and ex-President Hoover was beaming over a spontaneous little ovation over to the left.

"On Wisconsin" the band blared, while



. . . begin to feel the heat . . .

newspaper men threaded their way to the choicest seats, smack under the platform, and radio technicians and photographers noisily set up the paraphernalia for wirephotos and sound-pictures.

"How many of these blamed newspaper fellows you reckon there are here?" a Kentuckian asked. A thousand, counting the cameramen.

Some of them were attending their first convention, scarcely less thrilled than the freshmen delegates who eyed them with awe. Some, like Mark Sullivan, venerable commentator of the New York *Herald Tribune*, had seen a dozen or more. The oldsters' stubby pencils raced with noiseless portable typewriters, scribbling no transcripts of speeches (stenographers could attend to that), but the running news-story of what was happening, plus sprightly bits of color gleaned by the "legmen" who struggled up and down the rows of politicians.

Clacking Telegraphs—Deep beneath the stage, five hundred telegraphers—Morse operators, multiplex operators, teletype operators, dispatchers, experts, and messengers—set up a chattering chorus of clacking keys, speeding a million words a day out over the 300 special wires that spun a metallic web across the walls and ceilings of the gigantic basement.

The real machine-age drama was enacted by a handful of thirty men busily snapping photographs. Big cameras caught the impressive scene from all angles, while flashbulbs winked blindingly; smaller cameras trapped mayors and State bosses.

In eight to fifteen minutes those pictures were in New York and San Francisco newspaper offices; in less than a half-hour readers from coast to coast were seeing the show for themselves.

Key-noter Steiwer's gavel banged; Rich's band broke off "Beautiful Ohio"; during the prayer that followed only the swish of palm-leaf fans disturbed the hush. Then, the Oregon Senator, his footballer's shoulders towering in the cross-play of huge floodlights, sent his persuasive voice booming through the two great halls, telling them that America faced a decision more momentous than any since 1860.

Out across the star-spattered plains of Kansas, in log cabins high in the Sierras, on flower-fringed New York penthouse terraces, other tens of thousands were listening to the thundering phrases of the Temporary Chairman. For the little cluster of

. . . and fall asleep at the night sessions

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microphones directly in front of the Oregonian, most important of the fifty-three strewn about the vast floor, were carrying his message to the stay-at-homes.

Another Scene—Except for the marvel of radio, the scene might have belonged to any of the eighty-odd conventions that had been held every four years since the Anti-Masons met in Baltimore in 1831 to name a Presidential candidate. For the flags and bunting, the lithographs of dead statesmen and the painted muslin and cardboard likenesses of the living, the familiar State placards, the frock coats, the whistles and sirens belonged to no year and no party.

Populists and Whigs had shouted themselves as hoarse as these latter-day Republicans; Bull Moosers had paraded as noisily about their own Roosevelt in 1912; Single-Taxers and Prohibitionists and Socialists had waxed as warm in their duty, tho they had never named a winner.

And even the radio plays no favorites in 1936, for the Democrats, meeting two weeks later in Philadelphia's mammoth Municipal Convention Hall, will have as many microphones. And, if any of their speakers overstep their allotted time they will be cut off as neatly and quietly as Republican spellbinders. And men with little boxes that look like cameras—complete broadcasting stations—will dart about among the bigwigs on the floor, catching chance remarks to be laughed at a thousand miles away, just as they were darting about at Cleveland.

In Cleveland, however, Republicans mopped foreheads as they heard their Senator out. The end of his speech meant the beginning of their serious work, but it also meant the beginning of a night of relaxation. They had not brought their Sunday raiment to Lake Erie for work alone.

Shave and Change—Out into the Mall and East Sixth Street and Lakeside Avenue they swarmed, looking about for trolleys, popping into taxis, bound for the Hotel Cleveland (the Party's headquarters), Fenway Hall, the Sterling, the Allerton, the Hollenden, the Alcazar, the Statler, the Carter, Quad Hall, for a quick shave and change. Then—off to see Cleveland.

A good many of the delegates hadn't far to go. For the Hollenden's glass-brick-fronted Vogue Room, the Cleveland's Little Café, and the Statler's Cocktail Lounge beckoned. Sid Gordon, seventy-one and dean of the City's bartenders, and George Kuhlman, both veterans of the Coolidge convention, were mixing "Landon Cocktails" and "Dark-Horse's Necks." Over in the heart of Playhouse Square, on Euclid Avenue, the Mayfair Casino had the best floor-show in town. There they were serving "Borah Specials" and "Elephant's Tails."

A step down East Fourteenth Street, at the Hanna Theater (named for one of the G. O. P.'s greatest bosses), the Group Theater offered meatier fare—Clifford Odets' "Awake and Sing." The few delegates who were lured thither by their wives emerged two hours later shaking their heads at the Marxist peril, eying the electric signs a block away which advertised Grace Moore in "The King Steps Out," Jane Withers in "Gentle Julia," and Jean Hersholt in "Sins of Men."

On Lake Erie, at Euclid Beach, Cleveland's Coney Island, hundreds paddled about in rented boats, rode the Ferris wheel, or timorously tried the Princeton Hop on the broad dance-floor. And other hundreds strolled past the nearly finished buildings, a stone's throw from Public Hall, of the Great Lakes Exposition, disappointed that the huge Centennial show would not open until June 27, long after they would be back in the humdrum of Keokuk and Jacksonville.

Much Buzzing—Night and day they buzzed about the city, stumbling over old cronies in palm-fringed restaurants and on hot street-corners, numbed by the constant blatter of seemingly tireless trombones, popping into drug-stores for headache-seltzers, taxiing madly back to hotels for clean collars, constantly besieged by pretty girls with Landon buttons, Knox buttons, Borah buttons—hot, happy, and haggard, these men and women who had come from the four corners of America.

Back to Public Auditorium they trouped next morning grinning sheepishly over experiences of the night before. Chairman Snell rose, gave way to "The Creolians," Negro harmonizers, rose again. A hush fell across the 15,000 packed there in defiance of all the laws of space.

Some one was being recognized. What was he saying? Rich's band crashed out "Kansas, Dear Kansas." Five hundred men leaped onto their chairs, shouting, whistling, waving flags. The parade was starting; there they went, tramping to the strains of "Oh, Susannah, Don't You Cry for Me." Round and round—organ, band, fire-sirens, steam whistles, bells, Fourth of July noise-makers, and the frenzied bellowing of the men on the band-wagon splitting their ear-drums. Waking the dead, almost. Waking old Mark Hanna, the man who made William McKinley, the man who sleeps almost under their feet.

And what irony more just, since he was the one who had invented the carefully planned ovation? Hadn't he hired a vaudeville actress in '96, dressed her in crimson with a crimson parasol, put her in a front balcony-seat to chant "McKinley, McKinley, McKinley"?

Sad Good-by—When it is all over, Cleveland merchants bid them good-by sadly, having put up $150,000 to get the convention away from Chicago and Kansas City. Philadelphia had paid $250,000 for its convention—a handy sum that pulled the Democrats out of the red.

Across the mountains and yellow wheat-fields, 200 Pullman-cars shoot ex-delegates back to their mundane jobs. Had they made a President?

"I wish," sighs the wife of the delegate from Goshen, Connecticut—"I wish I had taken the address of that nice lady from San Diego. She was going to give me her recipe for Tomato Delight."

TRIAL BALLOON: Plea for Democrat in Second Place on Republican Ticket

Grave editorial writers bent furrowed faces over typewritten pages in the staid offices of the New York *Herald Tribune*. They read and reread, crossed out a word here, penciled in another there. The next day, good Republicans, who would sooner miss their morning coffee than *The Herald Tribune*, were startled to see an editorial boldly emerging from the front page.

It counseled "Coalition at Cleveland"

RARE SPECIMEN HEADED FOR THE CLEVELAND ZOO

—Duffy in the Baltimore Sun

and urged the nomination of a Democrat for Vice President on the Republican ticket, looking toward "a permanent alliance of all who would keep America American."

Out in Emporia, Kansas, William Allen White, apotheosis of the small-town editor, gripped a copy of *The Herald Tribune* in his hands. He leaned far back in his old-fashioned rocker until it squeaked in protest, and put two fingers to his teeth in characteristic contemplation. Then he went to his littered office and dictated an editorial for his own Emporia *Gazette*. Many good Republicans listen when he speaks, too.

Thumbs Down—"Nix on coalition," he retorted. "To float such a ticket, the platform would have to be a complete straddle and to paddle through election rapids, with two kinds of anti-Rooseveltians on it, would take a cross-eyed, four-armed oarsman with eyes in the back of his neck."

Before the presses were rolling out his editorial, Mr. White was on his way to Cleveland; but he must have known that the fundamental issue posed by *The Herald Tribune* will remain after the broken banners are swept away with the convention hall clutter. If the Republicans win the election in November, talk of coalition will be heard again when the Cabinet is being formed.

It will be no novelty. When Harold I. Ickes as Secretary of the Interior and Henry A. Wallace as Secretary of Agriculture joined the Roosevelt Cabinet, they were Republicans. The late William Woodin, first New Deal Secretary of the Treasury, went Democratic only a few years before his appointment.

Other editors saw significance in *The Herald Tribune's* move beyond its effect on the convention deliberations.

Editorial Views—Like the Salt Lake City *Tribune* (Ind.) they noted the constant erosion of party lines. The Newark (N. J.) *Ledger* (Ind.) concurs that "party labels will be virtually meaningless during the forthcoming campaign" and that the contest will be between a New Deal coalition with a considerable group of nominal Republican leaders behind a President and

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a conservative coalition which should rightfully embrace Democrats who are hostile to the New Deal.

The Jersey Journal (Ind.-Rep.) goes further and concedes that "perhaps the day of the big split of the country's old parties into liberal and conservative halves is at hand."

Therefore it is fitting, in the eyes of the Haverhill (Mass.) *Gazette*, the Carthage (Mo.) *Evening Press* and other Republican papers, that the Republicans should consider putting Democrats into a possible Cabinet.

At which the Lowell (Mass.) *Evening Leader* (Dem.) sneers that by Election Day the Republicans "will probably be dangling beads and trinkets in front of their opponents."

HEAD-LINE RIVALRY: Tour of Roosevelt Covers Period of Republican Convention

President Roosevelt escaped this week from the heat of history in the making to relax in the cool waters of stored-up history. He prepared three speeches, the first for Little Rock June 10 at the Arkansas Centennial celebration; the second two days later, at Dallas, where the Texas Centennial is being celebrated; and the third at Vincennes, Indiana, to dedicate a memorial to George Rogers Clark.

Banjo Banned—But he insisted there would be no "politiking" during his trip; he also turned thumbs down on Mrs. Roosevelt's plan for a banjo accompaniment to "lend a gay note to the tour." The banjoist she favored is Edward Peabody, diminutive, blond-haired vaudeville performer, who frequently has given command performances at White House social functions.

According to the Chicago *Tribune*, a Republican paper, the President feared a medicine-show atmosphere:

"The President, it is said, had no desire to give his platform appearances a banjo overture which would bring him before his audiences with an introduction that Republicans might paraphrase as 'Dr. Roosevelt selling New Deal tonic—good for man or beast.'

"The President's decision was greeted with sighs of relief in his official family."

Skepticism—Despite Mr. Roosevelt's insistence on the non-political nature of his tour, Republican critics were skeptical; they saw a definite political angle in the President's visit to Arkansas, where Senator Joseph T. Robinson, Democratic leader in the Senate and New Deal strong man, is facing a fight for reelection.

And some of them were still smarting from what they considered an attempt by the President to "steal the show"—the Republican National Convention at Cleveland—by cutting in on the head-lines and radio time.

This criticism continued even after Stephen T. Early, Assistant White House Secretary, notified the broadcasting companies that "under no circumstances do we wish through the broadcasting of these addresses by the President, to be put in the position of competing or conflicting with the broadcasting of the convention proceedings in Cleveland."

"The President is smart enough to realize," said the Cleveland *News* (Rep.), "he could not compete with the Republican convention any more than *Little Orphan Annie* could compete with the World Series."

Democratic papers rushed to the President's defense. The Atlanta *Constitution* called it "a trumped-up charge" that he was "so timing his trip as to divert limelight from the Cleveland convention," and the Dallas *News* agreed that he "must be exonerated of any trickery in the matter of competitive broadcast."

NEW SPEAKER: Bankhead Named as Byrns Dies, and Government Goes On

A few minutes before 3 p.m. on June 3, Speaker Joseph W. Byrns adjourned the House of Representatives in tribute to A. Piatt Andrew, Massachusetts Member, who had just died.

The rugged and rangy Tennesseean ambled out of the chamber, drawling a sort of good day to Danny, Capitol guard.

The next morning, as the hands of the House clock reached eleven, hour set for reconvening, the Speaker's seat was empty.

South Trimble, veteran clerk of the House, rapped the gavel sharply.

Ominous Word—"It is my painful duty," intoned Clerk Trimble, "to inform the House of the death of the Speaker."

Mr. Byrns, sixty-six, and serving his fourteenth consecutive term, had succumbed to a sudden attack during the night. It was the first time in history that a Speaker had died while the House was in session. Henry T. Rainey, the previous Speaker, died unexpectedly between sessions on August 19, 1934.

In the shocked silence after the clerk's announcement, Chairman John J. O'Connor of the Rules Committee arose to nominate William B. Bankhead of Alabama, Majority Leader, as the new Speaker.

"It is necessary," he said, "for the machinery of government to go on."

"Are there any nays?" asked Clerk Trimble.

There was not a sound—the machinery of government went on.

Mr. Bankhead, wearing a white linen suit, marched down the aisle with bowed head. After being sworn in, he brought down the gavel again—at 11.18.

One thing the Speaker does not do much is speak. The title derives from the early practise of the English House of Commons, when its members, having no authority to make laws, sent one of their number to "speak" for them to the King.

What he does do is preserve order and decorum on the floor, sign all acts, resolutions, writs, warrants, and subpenas ordered from the House, use his vote to break deadlocks, and further the interests of his Party. He has been shorn of some of his former power, but he is still the most important directing force in the House.

Alabama Example—He should be suave and urbane. Once Mr. Bankhead was egged by Ku Kluxers during a speech for Al Smith in Alabama. Brushing the stains from his clothes, he turned to the Chairman, said, "Sir, I have been treated discourteously," and continued his speech.

He should be calm and collected. Once the Bankhead home in Washington caught fire in the early morning. Mrs. Bankhead, choking with smoke, roused her husband. The lower floor was in flames. "We had better return to our bedroom and await the firemen," Mr. Bankhead said. When the firemen arrived, he climbed down the ladder unaided and completely dressed.

He should act quickly and decisively. In his early twenties Mr. Bankhead ran away from Huntsville, Alabama, to become an actor. His Southern accent won him a rôle in Boston, but his mother warned him not to disgrace the family by going on the stage. He never returned to the theater. That lure he now satisfies vicariously through his glamourous daughter, Tallulah, who telephoned congratulations to him from Hollywood last week on the achievement of his "lifelong ambition."

Handicap to Ambition—If he is reelected and the next House is Democratic, his health yet may interfere with the ambition.

When he became Majority Leader in January, 1935, he was in the Naval Hospital in Washington and the oath was

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The new Speaker of the House of Representatives, and his predecessor; Representative William B. Bankhead, of Alabama, and (right) the late Joseph W. Byrns

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administered there. Not until this year was he able to take up his duties.

"Probably the ablest man among the 435 members of the Lower House, an astute legislator with a natural command of men," Doris Fleeson comments in the New York *Daily News*.

31c. AN HOUR: Minimum Pay of New York Laundresses National Issue by Court Decision

Twenty-two thousand women emerged from clattering, steaming laundries throughout New York one day last week and bought their evening papers as usual. Sparing only a glance for banner head-lines, the women hurried on to the movie and gossip columns, oblivious to the fact that they, and the industry which employed them, had become a national issue.

The Supreme Court, in another five-to-four ruling, had declared that the New York law, under which the laundry-workers received minimum pay of thirty-one cents an hour, was a violation of the "due-process" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

The day after Associate Justice Pierce Butler read the majority opinion in the case, reporters crowded into President Roosevelt's office to see if he would break the silence he has maintained regarding opinions of the Court since his bitter denunciation of the NRA decision a year ago.

Presidential Puff—Questioned bluntly on his opinion of the Supreme Court decision, the President puffed deliberately on his bone cigarette-holder, before he spoke. Then—it seemed clear, he said, that the "No man's land," where no Government can function, was being more clearly defined. There were things the States must not do; nor might the Federal Government do them.

"How will you meet this situation?" a reporter asked promptly. The President smiled; he had, he said, nothing more to say.

In the House of Representatives, however, there appeared to be a lot more to be said. Hamilton Fish, New York Republican, who heretofore has made it his duty to defend the Supreme Court against the onslaughts of angry New Dealers, vowed that the decision would mean 1,000,000 votes for the Democratic Party.

For the labor forces, it was the fourth set-back within a year at the hands of the Court. Following hard on the heels of the NRA, Railway Retirement Act, and Guffey Coal Control Act opinions, the decision gave William Green, A. F. of L. leader, cause to complain:

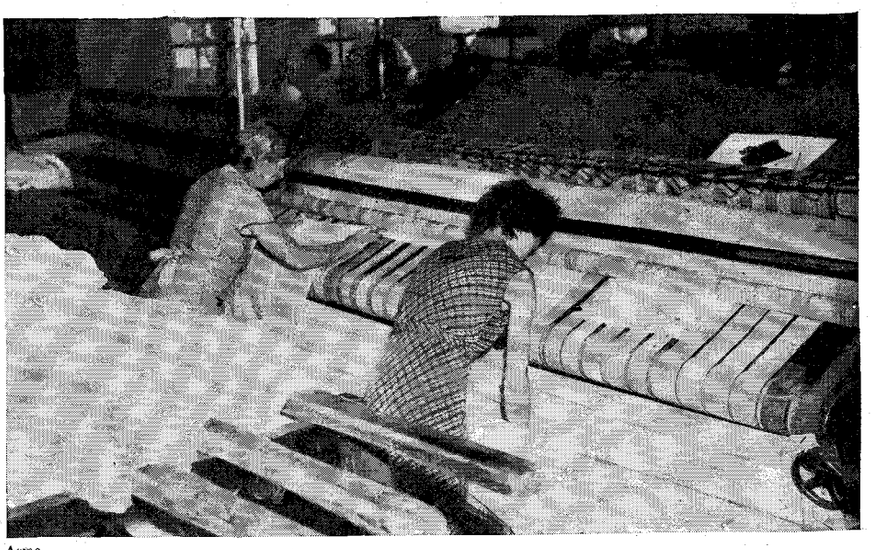
"The decision . . . can only be regarded as another blow. . . . Labor will fight on."

Lawyers' Huddle—Meanwhile, sixteen other States with minimum wage legislation of one kind or another called attorneys into hurried conferences to see what might be done in the way of constitutional patching. Out of a roster of sixteen States that included North Dakota, Connecticut, Colorado, Washington, Illinois, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Utah, Massachusetts, Ohio, South Dakota, Wisconsin, and Rhode Island, only three, Minnesota, California, and Oregon appeared to have laws that would not wilt under the scrutiny of the Court.

Columnists and editorial writers rose up wrathfully. Dorothy Thompson in her "Off the Record" column:

"In this decision one man's opinion overturned the legislation of more than one-third of the States. Where are the rights of the States in whose name the Supreme Court has reversed other legislation?"

David Lawrence held, however, that the Justices differed not in their concepts of social justice, but "in their appraisal of what a clumsily written law really meant."



Acme

Since Joseph Tipaldo helped kill New York's minimum-wage law for women, girls in his laundry now work forty-nine hours a week, instead of forty

ODD LAWMAKERS: Others Besides Zioncheck Have Shown Strong Individualism

The typical United States Congressman lives in a large gold-fish bowl, surrounded by newspaper correspondents. Let him step out with a splash of color, let him raise his voice a little, let him wiggle a figurative little finger and he is sprawled across the pages of the nation's newspapers.

There is no necessity for him to work as hard for his publicity as the late Huey Long, or even Marion Zioncheck, who first got into the head-lines by capturing an apartment house switchboard early New Year's morning, and rousing the tenants. Other Congressmen have found it comparatively simple.

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Representative Francis H. Shoemaker of Minnesota: He too had his troubles with the police

Senator J. Ham Lewis of Illinois still lives up to his one-time reputation as the greatest dude in the U. S., tho his pink whiskers are turning gray. In his early Washington days, his startling maroon spats, his contrasting coats and vests, his gaudy neckties, won him the nickname of "The Aurora Borealis of Illinois."

The high-heeled cowboy boots and ten-gallon Stetson that Percy L. Gassaway, Representative from Oklahoma, likes to wear make him an interesting feature when Capital news is scarce. For a news-reel camera he may don his spurs and spats, mount a white horse, yodel, croon a cowboy lament, and "issue a statement."

Prize as Husband—Representative Manuel Herrick, from Oklahoma, inaugurated his career in Washington by offering to conduct a beauty contest, the winner to be awarded his hand in marriage as a prize.

To substantiate his belief in white supremacy the late Senator James K. Vardaman of Mississippi used to drive a team of white oxen through Mississippi streets.

Representative Francis H. Shoemaker, from Minnesota, found it hard to keep away from the police. He was arrested for assaulting a taxicab-driver, for pasting a neighbor in the eye in a quarrel over a noisy radio, for hit-and-run driving, and for picketing in a Minneapolis strike. "I am a hard-boiled citizen," he explained.

Alabama Windmill—Alabama's Senator, James Thomas Heflin, with his expansive white waistcoat, his frock coat, his ten-gallon hat, his *pince-nez* and his string tie was the "old Suth'n cunnel, suh," to a T.

Theodore Gilmore (The Man) Bilbo came to the Senate from Mississippi threatening "to raise more hell than Huey Long." The squat little man, with a perennial flaming red tie and a sparkling horseshoe stickpin, rests for the moment on past performances: His 50,000 "dream house" with its five pink bathrooms, and his

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$5,000-a-year job clipping newspapers for the AAA, that got him the title, "Pastemaster General."

Thomas Lindsay (Blatant) Blanton calls himself the "Treasury Watch-Dog" of the House. His extension of remarks runs into reams in *The Congressional Record*. He is always on the floor, and nothing goes through without his consent.

Last week, while Marion Zioncheck remained under observation at a Washington Hospital, in the care of a 200-pound male nurse, his home State of Washington was flooded with chain letters demanding his resignation.

Mr. Zioncheck grinned. "I'll run again," he said.

STRIKING "CROPPERS": Troops Called to Cotton Fields; New Cooperative Movement

Cruel sun glared down on a stockade built on a cotton plantation in Arkansas, warped the new, rough lumber, made iron bars too hot to touch, and drew sweat from the bodies of thirteen men who lay inside. Now and then one of them cursed. In a corner a Negro prayed.

Suddenly they straightened, listening a little fearfully as they heard an automobile drive up outside. An armed guard swung back the gate of the "concentration-camp" and hustled the striking share-croppers into a line. Terror was in their eyes.

They saw a short, rather slight man with dark-rimmed glasses, a face that is usually kindly but now was angry—Sherwood Eddy, author, lecturer, former Y.M.C.A. secretary and missionary in Asia. The visitors talked with the prisoners a few minutes, got a short answer from the guard, watched while the thirteen men were shoved back into their stockade.

Investigators Balked—Eddy and his companions drove back to Earl, center of the tenant farmers' strike in what he calls "lawless Arkansas." They found P. D. Peacher, owner of the plantation on which the rough prison is built (and deputy sheriff and marshal as well). But he refused to give any information or let Eddy see any records of the men.

"We'll run Arkansas; you'll keep in your own State if you know what's good for you," Peacher threatened.

Later, Eddy reported, he tried to see the widow of a Negro who had been shot in the back by two masked men for testifying in defense of an arrested neighbor, but another planter drove him off the place.

Despite threats of violence and the arrest of one of the party for "disturbing labor," Eddy dug up more information on what he called "peonage" and "the almost complete denial of civil liberties and constitutional rights." He accused Peacher of being a "killer," and he charged that laborers have been kidnaped in Tennessee, carried into Arkansas, and forced to work on cotton plantations. "I have the names of planters who seized men and put them to work with guns," he said.

Cotton laborers get seventy-five cents a day for ten hours' work, and work only one-third of the year. Their average income is less than $100 a year. The Southern Tenant Farmers' Union is striking for $1.50 a day during the "chopping" or weeding season, and picked on late spring, with rains bringing weeds up almost overnight, as a time to force the plantation owners to raise pay or lose their crops.

Violence Charged—All the union organizers, Eddy says, have been beaten and threatened with death, or barely escaped with their lives at the hands of planters who denounce them as "reds" and "agitators."

The American Civil Liberties Union joined the crusade with an offer of $1,000 reward for evidence of violence against strikers. The National Committee for Rural Social Planning and the Tenant Farmers' Union asked the Federal Government to intervene.

Last week Attorney General Cummings assigned a special assistant, Sam Whittaker, to the case, after various groups had protested that Fred E. Isrig, Federal District Attorney, was "a plantation owner himself."

The union reported 5,000 cotton choppers on strike; but planters insisted that as soon as "agitators" were run out, trouble would cease.

Tactics of the Arkansas strikers were unusual. Afraid to go to their employers and ask for a wage increase, as an industrial union might, they still had stored up in advance small quantities of food (purchased on credit at the planters' commissaries). When the strike-call came they stayed quietly at home or went "fishing." Whippings and jailing, as of the thirteen men in Peacher's "concentration-camp," followed. Some of the men arrested, it is charged, were fined, and then forced to work out fines on plantations at seventy-five cents a day. Charges were "inciting to riot" and "enticing labor." Fines ranged from $100 to $700.

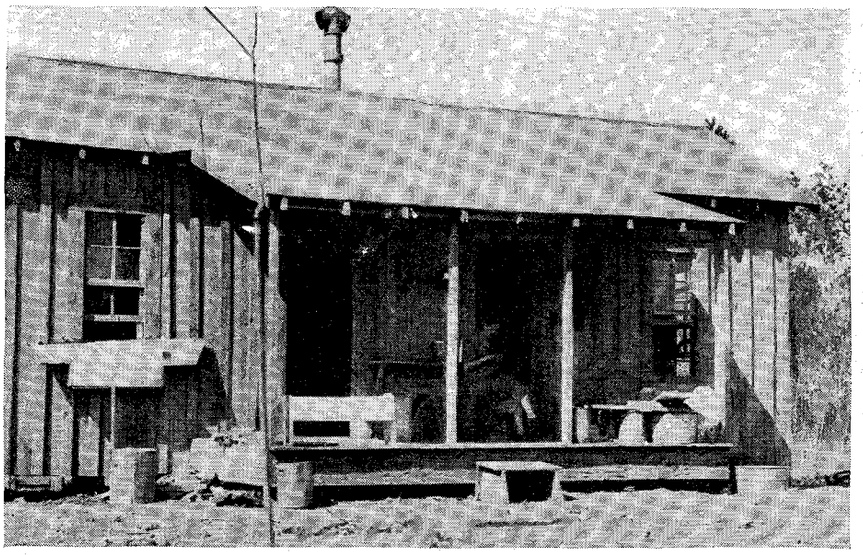
National Guardsmen were called out as the strike spread, but were recalled after a short time, leaving State Rangers in charge of the four counties affected.

Self-Help Project—On the same trip south that took him to the strike area, Eddy visited the Delta Cooperative Farm at Hillhouse, Mississippi, founded on borrowed money and contributions to relieve the plight of the starving day-laborers on cotton farms.

Eighteen Negro families and a dozen white families have already been established on the farm, which will cost almost $30,000. Part of the land is being cultivated, part is being cleared, and a sawmill, a canning factory, and other small industrial units are being put up to provide work in slack seasons. Diversified farming will replace the present plantation system.

Movement Spreads—The spreading of the cooperative farm idea throughout impoverished areas of the South is seen in the utilization of the mechanical cotton picker as a labor-saving device. John D. and Mack D. Rust, inventors of this machine, were at first fearful that day-laborers and share-croppers would get only increased unemployment and starvation from their device; now they have dedicated the profits of the invention to extending the cooperative principle and making the saving in work react to the benefit of the workers. More farms will be bought if the first is successful.

As this social experiment in "self-help for share-croppers" grows up, Arkansas workers a little way north listen to the story, new to them, of organizing to double their wages so that each "cropper" will receive $200 a year and the right to buy supplies where he pleases, instead of in planters' stores. But many keep on working.



Acme

One of the houses on Delta Cooperative Farm No. 1, in Mississippi, built under the direction of Sherwood Eddy to relieve the plight of starving sharecroppers

BRIGHTER FARMS: Rural Electrification to Increase Comfort and Leisure

June, 1936. Farmer Brown drops his feet over the side of the bed, lights the coal-oil lamp, and blinks sleepily at the clock: 5 A.M. He douses his face with water from the tin basin, climbs into patched overalls, and heads hungrily for breakfast.

When the depression came the Browns had to let their hired man go; so Mrs. Brown has been up for half an hour drawing water from the well, bringing in wood for the kitchen-range, and frying her husband's flapjacks to a rich, golden brown.

After breakfast Farmer Brown sets out for the fields. His wife washes the dishes, sweeps the kitchen, parlor and two bedrooms. Then she bakes her bread, or

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separates the cream, or churns the butter. If it is not the day for doing the laundry, she mends Farmer Brown's socks and patches his faded blue shirt. When dusk falls, the Browns milk their cows, eat an early supper, and are soon in bed.

New Era—June, 1946. Farmer Brown cocks a sleepy eye at the clock, sees that it is just five and rolls over for an extra hour's sleep. Electricity has come to the Brown farm, bringing comfort and leisure.

There is a mixer for Mrs. Brown's bread dough, an electric sewing-machine for her mending, an electric washer for her laundry, a vacuum-cleaner. The cows are milked by electricity and the milk is mechanically cooled.

Not every farm in the country can be so completely revamped as Farmer Brown's. But if the plans of the Rural Electrification Administration materialize, a long step will be taken in that direction in the next ten years. At present only a tenth of the 6,000,000 farms in the United States are electrified.

Having carried on for a year under an executive order issued by President Roosevelt in May, 1935, the REA recently became a permanent agency under the terms of the Norris Rural Electrification Bill. Passing through Congress with little opposition, the bill also provided $410,000,000 for the ambitious program.

Industry's Retort—The private utilities, resenting REA tongue-lashings to the effect that they were at fault for America's backwardness in this field, all but said that they could not afford to extend their lines into remote rural districts, where there are only two farms per mile of road, and still make a profit.

It would take about three million miles of farm lines to serve all the unelectrified farms at a cost of $1,250 a mile. The cost would be so tremendous—$1,500,000,000 when generating stations, transformers, meters are included—that farmers would have to pay 35 cents a kilowatt-hour for electricity.

Utility companies said it was unfair to compare rural electrification in this country, where farmers are scattered over a vast territory, with that of Sweden, France or Japan, where the population is centered on small, compact farms easily covered by lines.

But the REA, making it a cardinal principle not to enter into competition with private utilities in any way, soon won the cooperation of the industry. It showed utilities that only a long-range program subsidized by the Government could accomplish large-scale rural electrification.

Information Spread—The agency spent most of its first year telling the farmer about the 200 farm uses of electricity, about the comfort and leisure which only electricity could give him. It advised him to band his neighbors into a cooperative corporation which could borrow money from the REA to be used in extending private or publicly-owned lines into farm country.

Interest picked up. In Ohio, for example, 60,000 farmers united into county cooperatives and received loans totaling more than $2,400,000. To-day projects have been started in, or have been approved for, every State except Rhode Island, where farms are concentrated and easily reached by lines from the cities.

Behind the REA is the dynamic Morris L. Cooke, who has been its Administrator since the Agency began operations. Cooke is one of the few administrative heads in Washington liked and respected by both Democrats and Republicans.

When the Senate debated the Norris bill providing for an Administrator with a ten-year term of office and almost unlimited authority, Republicans objected that it was "too much power" for any one man to have.

"We all know who the Administrator is," countered Senator Norris, "and accordingly we know there is nothing to worry about."

The argument stopped there.

Second and Final Report 1936 Pre-Convention and Pre-Election Presidential Poll of Complete Registration List of 27,397 Voters in Binghamton, N. Y.

	VOTE NOW	HOW THE SAME VOTERS VOTED IN 1932 ELECTION				
		HOOVER	ROOSEVELT	THOMAS	Did Not Vote in 1932 or Not Indicated	UNDER AGE IN 1932
DEMOCRATIC						
ROOSEVELT	2,030	235	1,473	20	244	58
OTHERS	33	1	26	0	5	1
TOTAL DEM. = 35.85%	2,063	236	1,499	20	249	59
REPUBLICAN						
BORAH	376	180	125	3	57	11
DICKINSON	13	5	4	0	3	1
HOOVER	146	129	7	0	9	1
KNOX	59	41	11	0	6	1
LANDON	2,778	2,035	443	17	231	52
VANDENBERG	122	80	28	0	14	0
OTHERS	31	19	7	0	3	2
TOTAL REP. = 61.27%	3,525	2,489	625	20	323	68
SOCIALIST						
THOMAS	80	17	27	29	6	1
OTHERS	2	1	0	1	0	0
TOTAL SOC. = 1.42%	82	18	27	30	6	1
OTHER PARTIES = 1.46%	84	27	34	11	11	1
GRAND TOTALS	5,754	2,770	2,185	81	589	129

The Republican percentage increases to 61.27 per cent. and the Democratic percentage decreases to 35.85 per cent. since last week's first report, giving better than a 3 to 2 lead for the Republicans. The Socialist and "Other" parties vote show only fractional changes. The Democrats won Binghamton in 1932 by a slight plurality which was forecast then by a "Literary Digest" poll. The current poll is an endeavor to glean any present political trends by sounding the entire electorate of a typical city in a doubtful state. Among the Republican candidates Landon leads his nearest contender by approximately 8 to 1.

The right portion of the table shows a portent of possible party switches. Of the 2,185 voting in this poll who signified that they voted for Roosevelt four years ago, 625 now indicate that they will vote for a Republican for President. The 2,770 Hooverites of the last election include 236 who mark their poll ballots for a 1936 Democratic nominee. The Socialist party gains 18 poll votes from former Republicans and 27 from former Democrats, or 54.88 per cent. of the party's total poll strength. The 129 voters who can cast their first ballots this fall split 68 for Republicans, 59 for Democrats and 2 for Others.

POTATO SHORTAGE: The Situation Dramatized by the Grounding of a Ship

Last week the Furness liner *Fort Amherst* ran aground off Martha's Vineyard. Nobody paid much attention. The passengers were transferred; everybody was safe.

Next day potato prices in New York City jumped.

Between these two incidents there appeared to be no connection; then a reporter for the New York *World-Telegram* pointed out that the ship was carrying 5,000 bags of potatoes to the metropolis. Ordinarily, the reporter wrote, New York would take them or leave them alone and "give the subject no thought."

But not to-day, for "the United States now is in the midst of the greatest potato shortage since 1919 and prices are stepping up with every telephone call." The average retail price for five pounds of old potatoes in grocery stores was more than twenty-seven cents; last year those five pounds could be had for less than nine cents.

Keen Competition—As New York commission merchants began scouring the country for potatoes, they found Honolulu bidding against them. California had few left; even Maine had no surplus and growers were taking a chance by selling their seed potatoes, and trusting to luck. The new crop from Florida and South Carolina had been exhausted. The Texas, Louisiana and California outputs were smaller than in the last few years.

So severe was the shortage that old potatoes held here and there in the United States "are being scouted for with all the avidity shown by big league scouts looking for baseball players." Growers who had any stocks whatever were in the money. Their good fortune introduced the political note, for commission merchants said that while "it was the weather that did it, Roosevelt will get the credit."

Dealers expected prices to climb for another six weeks or two months; then there would be word of the fall crop.

Meantime, New Yorkers noticed that bars were concentrating on cheese crackers and pretzels for between-drink nibbles.

"The potato-chip manufacturers have all but stopped operations," declared *The World-Telegram* reporter. "It's not profitable to buy potatoes at five cents a pound for chips."

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Topics in Brief

TRYING to "soak the rich" is like trying to turn a fire-hose on one man in a crowd.—*American Lumberman.*

GOLF courses are reported reverting to farms, but it may be illegal under the resettlement ban.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

"ITALY Expected to Resign from League Soon." Better hurry, Il Duce, while there's a League to resign from.—*Winston-Salem (N. C.) Journal.*

WE object. A contemporary, discussing Landon's views on relief, puts the article under the caption: "Landon on Relief."—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

UNDER a new ruling, German lawyers must know how to throw hand-grenades before they will be admitted to practise. Over here the technique of the gas attack is emphasized.—*Ohio State Journal.*

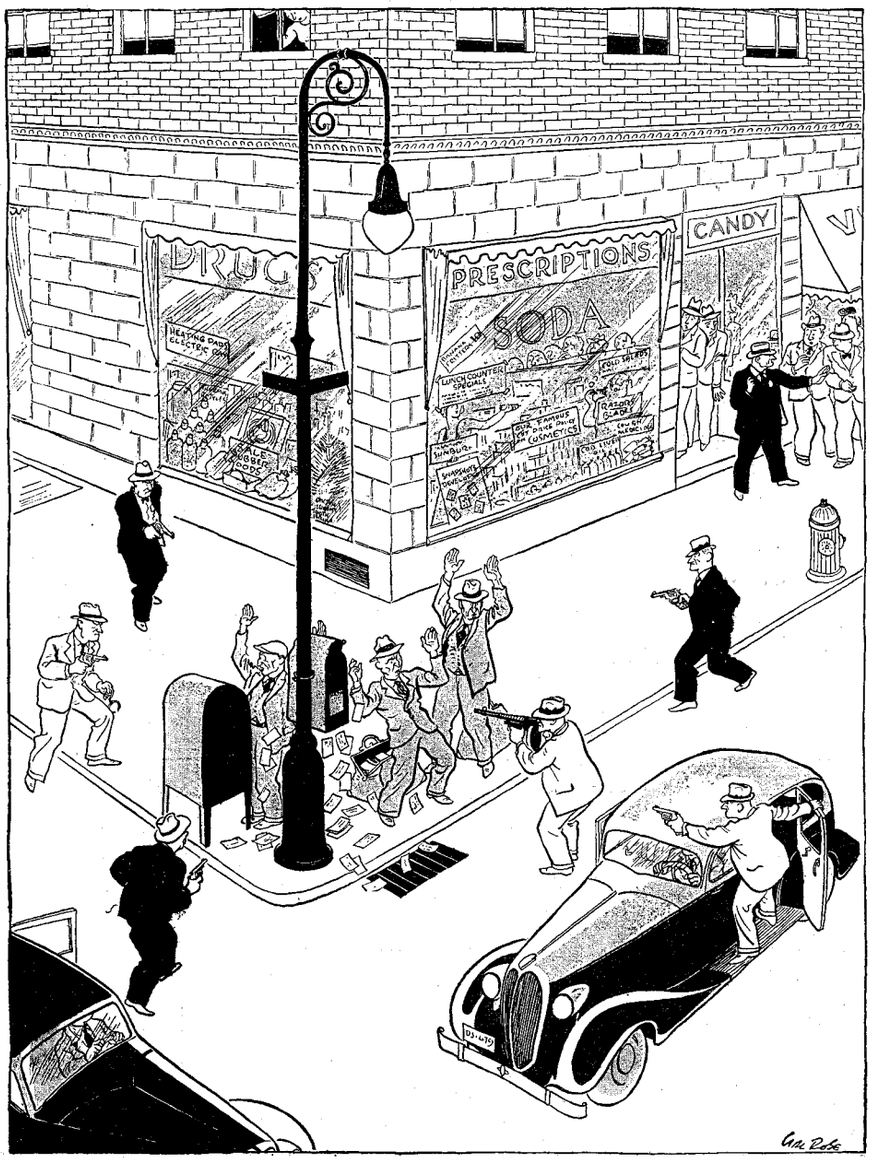
HAILE SELASSIE, in fleeing Ethiopia, serves notice that he doesn't want a job like Victor Emmanuel's.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE wife of George Hell of Des Moines was granted a divorce, with alimony. Now there'll be Mrs. Hell to pay.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

THE STATE of Nebraska has $21 million in the bank and no debt. In the midst of the new abundance, a few traces of the medieval persist.—*Barron's.*

DAN'L ROPER says that if American business votes all one way, it will overturn our democratic institutions. But we suspect he meant Democratic.—*Dallas News.*

IT is being suggested that English be adopted as the official world language. Americans may have to learn this language, after all.—*Providence News-Tribune.*



STRANGE EVENTS OF AN ELECTION YEAR

"G Men" Trap a Counterfeit Ring in the Act of Stuffing a Mail-Box with Fraudulent "Literary Digest" Ballots

—Carl Rose in The New Yorker

THE war cycle completes itself so swiftly these days abroad, it is a question whether history is repeating itself or stuttering.—*Cincinnati Star-Times.*

AL SMITH has decided not to go to Philadelphia, which may be just as well since Mr. Hoover seems to be monopolizing the pulmotor.—*Louisville Times.*

IF the political use of public money is to be deplored, Hoover is the man for it. Didn't "Hooverize" used to include cutting down on the sugar?—*Detroit News.*

A BRITISH Laborite calls the conquest of Ethiopia the crime of the century. But this can hardly be, or Gaston B. Means would have confessed.—*Portland Oregonian.*

THE sure way to chase the organization of Veterans of Future Wars out of the colleges is to compel the boys to wear war socks knitted by girls.—*Douglas County (Mass.) Republican.*

DEMOCRATIC delegates to the Philadelphia Convention will have a dull time nominating a Presidential ticket unless they begin talking about what they should do in 1940.—*Boston Globe.*

A WRECKING company tore down the wrong building in Chicago. On such an occasion let it remember the President's brave words, "If we're wrong, we'll try something else."—*Barron's.*

THE babe of yesteryear had a tough enough time of it being bounced up and down on the lady caller's knee, but at that it didn't run the risk of being burned by a cigarette.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

CHARLES G. DAWES thinks he sees the sun of common sense rising on the European horizon, and all we hope is that he hasn't been turned around and hasn't mixed up the ends of the day.—*Boston Herald.*

NEW YORKERS perhaps will think better of Soviet Russia when they learn that thirty-three ticket speculators, including the former managers of three theaters in Leningrad, have been sent to jail.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

A RUMANIAN war veteran, whose hands have been paralyzed for a number of years, is exhibiting in Vienna pictures he has painted with his right foot. He is up against unfair competition; it is quite apparent many modern artists are using both feet.—*Portland Oregonian.*

OUR Republican friends are grieved because Roosevelt did not mention them in his Baltimore address to the young. The Great White Father evidently believes that persons of tender years should not know about the seamy side of life.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

MEMPHIS public school-teachers have been warned by the City Board of Education that they must give up membership in a teachers' union or give up their jobs. Those who hold their jobs will continue to open the morning exercises by leading the children in singing that grand old hymn beginning "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing."—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

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STRIKE IN FRANCE: VICTORY CELEBRATED

Workers Insist Blum Carry Out Promises of Popular Front

© Acme

Strike scene: manual workers vs. office workers, at the Renault auto factory

In Weber's modernized old restaurant on the Rue Royale, a waiter suddenly dashed among the tables waving a napkin. Bearded Deputies and their fashionably-gowned friends glanced up amazed. Every *garçon* in the room set down his loaded tray and withdrew to the kitchens. The "folded arms" strike had invaded Paris.

It started a fortnight ago in the munitions plants, which had not shared with the workers the piled-up profits of the French rearmament program. The movement raced through automobile and textile factories, tied up mines and threatened the food supply. Everywhere men dropped their tools, but refused to walk out; to prevent the employment of strike-breakers, they took up residence in the plants.

Paris clerks suddenly pushed shoppers out the doors of department stores and spread dust-covers over merchandise. They didn't sleep in salable beds and chairs; instead they stretched out on the hard boards, men on one floor and women on another—"for the sake of decency."

Amazing good humor characterized the "laydown." Strikers danced and sang, and cooked their meals on kerosene stoves brought in from outside. "During the strike," one sign posted on a factory read, "no wine will be received." But endless negotiations with the owners led nowhere. If employers granted their original demands, the workers restruck for something else.

Wild-Fire Spread—Soon a million men, women and children had joined the movement. Socialists and Radicals, about to capitalize their victory at the polls, raged like reactionaries. Only the Communist *Humanite* sympathized.

"It is a normal evolution," the red sheet said, "which must surprize our big capitalists, blinded by their egoism and caste spirit. . . . Now they have reached the first push of workers who don't want to resign themselves to the miserable existence imposed on them." Spontaneous rather than union-inspired, the strike dramatized labor's insistence that the Popular Front Government make good its campaign promises.

In this industrial chaos, Leon Blum took office as France's first Socialist Premier. Discarding his broad-brimmed black hat—a party symbol—the long-nosed intellectual sported a gray fedora and pearl-gray spats when he presented his Cabinet list to President Albert Lebrun.

It included sixteen of his own followers, fourteen moderate Radical Socialists, and three women—an unprecedented honor for the unenfranchised sex. Mme. Irene Joliot-Curie, daughter of the discoverer of radium, and a Nobel prize-winner, became Under Secretary of Scientific Research.

Former Premier Camille Chautemps reappeared as Minister of State. Edouard Daladier, called "Killer" for ordering police fire during the riots of Bloody February 6, 1934, drew the Defense portfolio. Vincent Auriol, budget reformer, took over the Finance post. The Foreign Ministry went to Yvon Delbos, whose twirled bushy mustaches and bulbous nose have not previously appeared at an international conference.

Fighter for Peace—Roger Salengro, powerfully-built mayor of industrial Lille, got the most ticklish job. As Minister of the Interior, the two-fisted labor leader had to bring industrial peace.

Intense bitterness greeted the Cabinet on its first appearance before the Deputies. Xavier Vaillat, one-legged War veteran and Croix de Feu fascist, cried at Blum: "This is the first time that our Gallo-Roman country has been governed by a Jew!"

The Premier left the Chamber while its newly elected President, Edouard Herriot, proclaimed in his deep emotional voice: "I know in this country neither Jews nor Protestants nor Catholics—only Frenchmen."

Returning, Blum offered his legislative program, which included workers' demands for a forty-hour week, vacations with pay and collective bargaining. He also demanded immediate reform of the Bank of France (now run by the "200 families"—the 200 principal stockholders), a huge public works expenditure, and nationalization of war industries. The whole Popular Front, with even Communists voting, backed his schedule 384 to 210, and Blum prepared to submit specific legislation.

In private negotiations with employers, the Premier and Salengro wangled salary increases of from 7 to 15 per cent. for the strikers, and union recognition. Then the two leaders confidently waited for their troublesome followers to unfold their arms.

NEGUS INCOGNITO: The King of Kings in London Without Royal Recognition

An engine ground to a stop in sooty, barn-like Waterloo Station. From the train emerged a slight black-bearded man clad anachronistically in a black cloak, blue serge trousers, and a black derby.

Emperor Haile Selassie arrived in London *incognito—officially unknown.* No member of the royal family appeared to greet him, altho the Duke of Gloucester had taken the long trip to Addis Ababa for the Little King's coronation. Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, Ethiopia's strongest champion in the League, was represented by a secretary.

But the British public, 5,000 strong, surged forward through a cordon of bristling bobbies to welcome the exile as a national hero.

Beckoning Stage—The Emperor seemed tired, and his olive skin was pale after the journey from Jerusalem, where he left the Empress. Aboard the Orient liner *Orford,* to which he had transferred at Gibraltar from the war-ship *Capetown,* he had devoted two hours daily to answering cables. One, from an enterprising theatrical producer, offered him $5,000 a week "toward the Ethiopian cause" if he would appear in London's mammoth Albert Hall and provincial houses.

In London the Emperor and his family moved to 6 Princes Gate, an ornate home hung with paintings of nymphs, Highland cattle, and the black-bearded

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Argüello—Nicaragua's Foreign Minister (p. 13)—spoken as *ar-gway'yo.*

Zoltan Boszormeny—head of the Hungarian Nazis (p. 13)—in syllables *zoll'tahn bus'sir-main-ee* (*zoll* rimes with *doll*).

Enrique Ruiz Guinazu—League delegate from Argentina (p. 11)—in full, it's *en-ree'ka roo'eeth gwin-ah-thoo'.*

Lupescu—power behind Rumanian throne (p. 12)—nothing tricky in the name: *loo-pess'cue.*

Juan Sacasa—President of Nicaragua (p. 13)—refer to him as *hwahn sa-kass'a.*

Rao Raja Hanut Singh—polo-player from India (p. 36)—*Rao* rimes with *how: row rah'ja han'oot sing* (sound the *g*).

Somoza—head of Nicaraguan rebels (p. 13)—*z* equals *s;* hence, *so-mo'sa.*

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AFTER THE SMASH

Chorus: "I wonder what they would allow us on this toward a new one?"

—Poy in The Daily Mail (London)

guest. Mountainous luggage followed, including forty-one boxes said to hold $110,000 in gold bars.

The British press echoed the public's welcome. "Nobody in this country," *The Daily Mail* proclaimed, "would have the least objection if he decides to make England his future home."

Roman newspapers, hailing the homecoming of his conqueror, Marshal Pietro Badoglio, took time to damn the London demonstration as "just noise."

Calming Rome—Two things helped placate Rome: One was official Britain's scrupulous disregard of the little royal visitor; the day he arrived, Eden held a friendly chat with the Italian Ambassador. The other was the appointment of Sir Samuel Hoare as First Lord of the Admiralty. Last winter, Hoare lost his post as Foreign Secretary by backing an Ethiopian peace treaty too friendly to Italy. Last week, when Viscount Monsell resigned his Admiralty post, Hoare popped back into the Cabinet.

League supporters howled; they expected his first move would be to withdraw the British fleet from the tense Mediterranean.

Unexpectedly, Haile Selassie's only encouragement came from Argentina. Through its Geneva Delegate, Enrique Ruiz Guinazu, the South American State demanded a meeting of the whole Assembly to take up Ethiopia's fate. By snatching the question from the Council (controlled by the major Powers), which threatened to procrastinate all summer, Argentina dropped it squarely before the small nations.

Unhesitatingly, Italian editors interpreted the proposal as a Machiavellian scheme of Britain's. London and Buenos Aires, they emphasized, are "notably attached," for Britain has poured nearly $3,000,000,000 into the Argentine and gobbles up approximately a third of the yearly exports. Surely, the *Giornale d'Italia* argued, the protégé would never have interfered without the backing of its financial sponsor.

"The activities of Geneva no longer interest Italy," it added coldly. And Il Duce immediately ordered his delegates at the International Labor Office conference to skip the meetings. Diplomats interpreted the move as another threat to quit the League.

BRITISH HONOR: Press Sees Civil Service Vindicated as Thomas Is Found Guilty

His thick fingers trembled as J. H. Thomas, ex-engine wiper and Colonial Secretary, fumbled through the twenty-four pages of an official White Paper.

It was the report of the tribunal investigating charges that he had betrayed budget secrets, to the enrichment of his friends, who were able to insure against tax increases, and a total loss of $500,000 for Lloyd's underwriters. The unprecedented scandal had already forced him to resign from the Cabinet because his "name and private affairs had been bandied about."

Peering through heavy lenses, the grizzled political veteran winced at blistering phrases that referred to his insistence on his complete innocence: "It seems highly improbable. . . . There is no shadow of truth. . . . We do not accept this story." At the verdict his ruddy face paled: Guilty.

"It is cruel," he murmured. His family, assembled in the home of a son-in-law at Dulwich, drab London suburb where the ex-Minister lived in humbler days, tried to console him. Leslie Thomas mixed a bracing whisky and soda for his father. The judges had exonerated the thirty-one-year-old stockbroker for his part in placing budget insurance.

Two old friends faced possible prosecution and two-year terms for winning on a sure thing. The tribunal found that Sir Alfred Butt, wealthy sportsman and M.P., changed his bets after a visit to Thomas on Budget Day. Alfred Bates, racing-sheet publisher who gave the ex-Minister a $75,000-house as advance payment on still unwritten memoirs, hurriedly returned his $50,000 insurance to the underwriters.

British newspapers congratulated themselves on the forthright report and the vindication of the civil service. The Laborite *Daily Herald* voiced "pride, surely not unpardonable, in our public and parliamentary traditions." Some sympathized with "poor old Jim," the former labor leader whose friends ranged from race-track touts to the late King George.

Even Laborites, who had gunned for him since he "sold them out" by turning National Laborite five years ago, nervously hesitated to attack him. Too many "gentlemen" felt that no public schoolboy would have offended public honor like the one-time errand boy.

THRONE-SEEKER: European Capitals Buzz With Name of Otto von Hapsburg of Austria-Hungary

Of all royal families now in exile, few have any chance to recover lost thrones.

The Russian Romanofs, tho they still maintain a court in France, look like a hopeless bet. The Bourbons, in view of recent Leftist victories in Spain, have little hope. And the Hohenzollerns, while optimistic, are none too welcome in Hitler's Germany.

But last week, European capitals again buzzed with the name of Otto von Hapsburg, glamourous young hereditary Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, now an exile in Belgium.

Why had Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg, poker-faced Austrian dictator, canceled important speaking engagements, to swoop over the Alps for a secret conference with Mussolini? Why had he gone to out-of-the-way Viareggio, pine-sheltered maritime town near Pisa, where the Empress Zita, Otto's conniving mother, maintains a château from which she pulls diplomatic wires for hoisting her son on the Throne of his ancestors?

Press Wonders—French papers simmered with speculation. "What would happen to-day if an attempt to restore the Hapsburgs should be made?" queried *Pertinax* (André Geraud) in *L'Echo de Paris*, conservative daily.

"The Little Entente (Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia), whose borders sooner or later would be called into question by the return of the Austrian monarch, would either declare war or throw themselves into the arms of Hitler Germany."

As if to verify this prediction, shrewd Eduard Benes, Czechoslovakian President, dashed out of Prague for a long chat in Bucharest with King Carol of Rumania and Prince Paul, Regent of Yugoslavia. An Austrian monarch threatens each of them with loss of large chunks of War-gained territory.

Other papers, however, suspected that the lanky Austrian Chancellor merely was squaring himself with Mussolini, in the hope of solidifying his position at home. Only last month he had eased flamboyant Prince Ernst Rüdiger von Starhemberg, commander of the truculent *Heimwehr* (Home Guard) out of the Cabinet, and had ordered his private army dissolved.

The Prince subsequently called on Mussolini and returned with whispered

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promises of the "*Heimwehr's day*, soon to come." The Chancellor naturally feels uneasy.

Second reason for his visit was to get Il Duce's blessing on his compromise with German Nazis, clamoring for *anschluss* (fusion of Germany and Austria). The Chancellor has worked out a plan, if not for annexation, at least for "brotherhood of States between German countries."

LOYAL LUPESCU: Rumania's "Uncrowned Queen" Defies Demand to Leave as Peasants Curse

In Cannes, darling of the French Riviera, café-lined city of the rich, a plump little woman whose Titian locks fell in damp wisps on her hot forehead, swayed wearily on puffy ankles as work-worn hands plied an electric iron on her man's one pair of white duck trousers.

The pitiful little garret room in an obscure second-rate hotel was hot and stuffy, but "Bibi," good and gentle *hausfrau* that she was, did not mind. Her man was down to his last *franc*, but he loved her, even tho two rebellious front teeth marred the plain prettiness of her milk-white face.

That was Magda Lupescu, since vilified by her fellow-Rumanians as "the Cleopatra of the Near East," "the Madame Pompadour of the Balkans," and King Carol II's "uncrowned Queen." A Wagnerian heroine in a *Graustarkian* romance of the Black Sea.

According to her own simple tale, she first cast blushing eyes on her monarch when he was fifteen, and but a Crown Prince. Her name was Magda Wolff, and she was the daughter of a commission merchant for a chemical firm, variously described by her enemies as a Jewish junk-dealer and a pawnshop-keeper.

Her mother was a Viennese of Catholic origin, and Magda was baptized in the Catholic Church. Sly and devout, she went with her father to the Royal Palace in Bucharest, saw the young Prince, colored furiously at his admiring glances, and fled.

That same night she saw him again, but only in her dreams. Eight years later she was married to an Army captain. Subsequently she eloped with a colonel, repented, and returned to her husband, and had two children, both of whom died.

Wild Oats—Meanwhile, Carol had emerged from a turbulent adolescence into a still wilder young manhood. In a sudden mood he eloped with a commoner named Zizi Lambrino, but King Ferdinand and Queen Marie exercised their parental authority, had the marriage annulled, and sent their son to the altar with beautiful Princess Helen of Greece.

Then, one night at a ball in the glass-domed Officers' Casino at Bucharest, Carol again bumped into the reticent, radiant Magda. Forthwith he left his royal spouse, persuaded the little Jewess to divorce her husband, and whisked her off to the capitals of Europe. It was then that she assumed the name Lupescu, the Rumanian equivalent of Wolff.

The Crown Prince's cold German father raged, and his dazzling English mother wept. The King forced his son to sign away the right to the Throne, and proclaimed the Princess Helen's young boy

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Magda Lupescu and her father: Half a million Rumanians wish she would go home

Crown Prince. In a garden-enclosed stone villa at Neuilly, fashionable Paris suburb, Carol and his "Bibi" were content with the life of care-free lovers.

When Ferdinand died, and the five-year-old Michael ascended the Throne, his world-traveled grandmother, Marie, became the Chief Regent. In 1930, the Peasant Party, distrusting her, connived to bring Carol back home in a secret airplane chartered by Elsie De Wolf, the American actress.

Dr. Iuliu Maniu, ascetic, incorruptible Peasant Party Premier, made only one stipulation: that Magda stay out of the country. Magda, her grief "almost too much to bear," staid out.

But not for long. Rumor, at first denied, later defied, soon had her back, a housewifely figure in a little brick villa at No. 2 Alea Vulpache, in a residential section of Bucharest. Carol's divorced wife, after rumors of a reconciliation, packed up her bags and left the country.

Dizzy Affairs—Since then Rumanian politics has been a mad whirl. For his pains in putting Carol on the Throne, Premier Maniu was forced out of office. Two years ago he burst out:

"As long as Mme. Lupescu remains in Rumania, nobody will be able to accomplish anything good. Through her meddling in politics, thirteen Governments and four elections have followed on each other's heels. Mme. Lupescu is responsible for almost every evil in this country."

Through all this, red-headed "Bibi" calmly fed the Plymouth Rock chickens in her garden, and cooked *mamaliga*, a rich Rumanian dish, for Carol.

Magda, to her despair, tips the scales at 150 pounds, a gain of thirty over last year. Carol has developed a double chin and a paunch. So "Bibi" has put them both on a strenuous diet.

The rare visitor who succeeded, by great contriving, in seeing her, must have received a shock. Before him, in a secluded garden, simply gowned, her eyes modestly on the ground, he might have spied a woman who belied the epithet of "red-headed siren." She is so shy that she blushes at every question. She talks little. Her discretion is notorious, and only forty people in all Bucharest are said to have seen her.

"I should be very happy if I were left alone," she told a British visitor recently. "I am not interested in politics."

And her royal admirer added:

"The truth about my little friend is that she is the other half of my being, the other half of my brain. The story that I renounced my claim to the Throne because of her is a lie. I was compelled to leave Rumania for purely political motives, because I was the enemy of graft and bribery.

"She stood by me as nobody else did. Her sympathy and understanding was a thing I was entirely unable to do without."

Loyal Friend—That she remains, through thick and thin, as loyal as the stars to the rakish, hot-tempered King, not even her bitterest enemies deny.

But the rise of the *Garda de Fier* (Iron Guard), a secret anti-Semitic Fascist organization, cast a shadow over their idyllic life. Galloping into villages at midnight, bands of Iron Guardists, in white hoods, lined up before the church, and chanted verses of hate against the Jews to divert attention from a host of economic ills.

Soon, peasants from Bessarabia on the east to Transylvania on the west whispered:

"A red-headed witch lives in the palace and feeds off gold plates. We can not even find straw for our hungry children."

So intense grew anti-Lupescu feeling, that her very appearance at a restaurant was the signal for a hostile demonstration. Students took to shouting insults at her garden gate.

First she concealed herself in turreted Sinaia Palace, fifty miles away from Bucharest, on the crest of a forested slope. Court attendants, puzzled over the King's sudden loss of appetite, discovered that he stole off and ate with her in secrecy. Later, she was whisked away, and her whereabouts concealed. At night, incognito in a battered old car, the King dodges up side streets and out of town to see her.

Between the peasants on one hand and the Nazis on the other, King Carol, stubborn, surly, and not unintelligent, developed ideas of his own. A crate of books from Berlin on the life and tactics of Adolf Hitler helped him.

Stormy Weather—Setting up a thinly disguised dictatorship, he attempted to steer a zigzag course of international diplomacy in a high and choppy sea. In turn he swerved dizzily from a treaty with France, which supplies him with loans, to friendship with Germany, which buys his wheat and oil, to a pact with Soviet Russia, which juts ponderously on his eastern border, and might be useful in the event of war with his arch-enemy, Hungary.

Last week, mounted on white steeds, 120,000 husky farm youths cantered down the main street of Bucharest, Rumania's imitation Paris. When they reached the stone palace in the center of town, they raised their arms, bearing the white cross of the Peasant Party, and roared: "Down with Lupescu!"

In other hamlets of this War-enlarged nation, rich in timber and oil, 400,000

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additional farm boys marched in demonstration. To Rumania's 14,000,000 impoverished peasants, Ion Mihalache, grizzled commander of this rustic army, thundered:

"The road between the King and the peasants shall no longer be barricaded by the Court *Camarilla*."

Behind the locked gates of a secret villa, heavily guarded, Magda listened, without a trace of emotion. Then, curtly, she declared she would not comply with their demand that she leave the country. With a dignified gesture, she brushed aside the charge that political unrest in Rumania was due to her.

To-day, in the cafés of *Calea Victoria*, gayest of Bucharest streets, Iron Guardists in green shirts and leather straps curse her openly. No opposition meeting is complete without a toast in *tsuica* (plum spirit) to the day when "the reign of Lupescu is ended."

To requests for editorial comment, Bucharest cabled curtly: "Newspapers here are NOT allowed to mention Madame Lupescu."

WAR-BORN PLOTTING: Poland and Hungary Disturbed by Terrorist Nazi Groups

Disciplining the conspirators of a friendly country became a ticklish problem last week for two of Europe's War-born nations—Poland, with its 3,000,000 Jewish and 1,336,000 German minorities; and Hungary, with its 444,500 Jews and 478,600 Germans.

Faced with spreading anti-Semitic riots, the Polish Government seized 118 ringleaders of the German National Socialist Workers' Movement, accusing them of plotting to wrest Upper Silesia and add it to Germany. On the north, the Free City of Danzig, partly administered by Poland, is a hotbed of Nazi agitators who control its Senate and its press.

Voicing its alarm at growing Nazi activities, the pro-Government organ, *Kurjer*, of Warsaw, charges that 90 per cent. of the dozen-odd German newspapers and libraries in Poland are directly controlled by Nazis in the Reich. Through a German-appointed censor, it asserts, anti-Nazi literature is barred from libraries and a *Deutsche Stiftung* (German Aid) fund subsidizes the Swastika organizations.

Wide-Spread Disorders—Instigated by Nazi propaganda and hard times, peasants, especially in Galicia, for months have been burning and pillaging Jewish stores and homes, boycotting merchants and terrorizing Jews in such industrial cities as Warsaw, Cracow, Zagrow and Przytyk.

As in Poland, Hungarian Jews, while unmolested, are the butts of Nazi agitation. Alleging that here, too, 90 per cent. of the Hungarian press is in non-Aryan hands, Deputy Emeric Gyorki, a Social Democrat, recently accused another Parliament Member, Francis Rajniss, of soliciting a subsidy of $200,000 from the Nazis to "liberate" the press.

Government Dragnet—Sensing trouble, the Government arrested 770 members of the "Sickle and Cross" organization and tried them on charges of high treason for attempting a Nazi *putsch* on May Day.

Headed by Zoltan Boszormeny, hothead poet, the "Sickle and Crossers" bought cast-off uniforms (from Jewish dealers) and threatened a march on the Capital, Budapest.

Jobless youths flocked around him. Preaching that a Nazi régime would save the country, Zoltan's platform calls for the expulsion of Jews who came to Hungary after 1900 and dispossessing the rest. Fired by his teachings, his followers went about the towns defacing Jewish stores with such slogans as: "Every one who buys from a Jew is a murderer of the Hungarian people."

Editorial Views—"The Jewish problem is a boil for which the whole family must be operated upon," declares the Warsaw daily, *Dziennik Narodny*. "The Jews are trying to become an influence in the Government of the country. The Polish people are beginning to understand and resist."

The Budapest newspaper *Fueggetlenseg*, a semiofficial organ, writes that "liberals and conservatives alike must cease opposition to the Government because only folk policies can allay the bitterness of the masses."

In the opinion of the Nationalist and anti-Semitic daily, *Magyarsag*, "Anti-Semitism is in no sense identical with Pan-Germanism. The Hungarian populace, especially in the rural areas, demands a race of pure Magyar ideology."

The New York *Amerikai Magyar Nepszava*, an independent Hungarian-language daily, thinks the "Nazi ideals are wholly antagonistic to the Hungarian Constitution . . . as well as to the very principles of the leader of the Government."

PEOPLE'S HERO: Nicaraguan General Leads Khaki Guardsmen Into Capital

To a hero's welcome, Gen. Anastasio Somoza led 2,500 of his khaki-clad National Guard into Nicaragua's capital, Managua, last week, and proclaimed himself defender of the people's rights.

At Campo de Marte, his headquarters in Managua, he interviewed peacemakers who urged him to settle his score with Juan B. Sacasa, Nicaragua's President, and his uncle by marriage, whose rule he challenged.

A day before General Somoza had led his troops against El Fortin de Ascosasco, a fortress near Leon, and forced President Sacasa's troops to submit. Unchallenged, he sought the Capital, and threatened to storm the imposing Moorish Presidential Palace atop La Loma Hill, below which his troops were quartered.

Denying all motives to succeed Sacasa, whose term expires next December, he proclaimed his opposition to his relative, Dr. Leonardo Arguello, chosen by a coalition of Liberals and Conservatives as the sole candidate for the November elections.

Forbearingly he told Nicaraguans that their President was misled by bad advisers who wanted him to become the power behind the throne of a dictator.

Stoutly braving Somoza's rebels, Sacasa held out in his spacious, three-storied Palace, protected by his smartly-dressed *Guardia de Honor*, 8,000 strong.

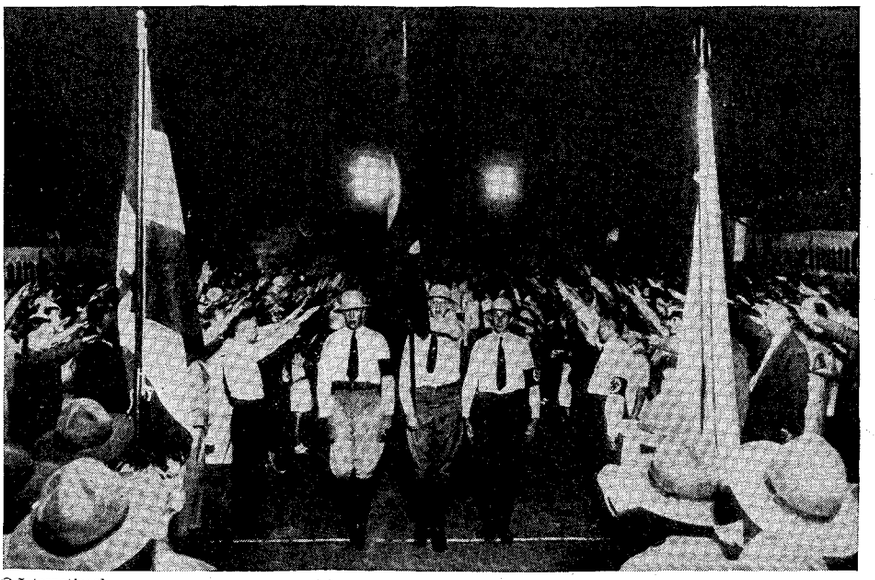
Abandoned by his guards, President Sacasa took the advice of the diplomatic corps, resigned his office and boarded a ship for foreign parts, destination unknown.

Argentina's Problem—In Argentina, aged President Augustin P. Justo, vexed by the growing strength of the Radical majority, last week faced the problem raised by his extremist party-men to form a National Front of conservatives to offset the recently formed Popular Front of socialist and radical elements.

Under the guidance of Federico Pinedo, a former Financial Minister who represents wealthy Argentine families, the reactionary wing made a bid to curtail the right of the masses to suffrage, and to debar radicals from holding office.

Realizing the thin conservative majority back of his power, Justo fears danger for his rule from his diehard supporters, since such a step would embolden the restless radicals to raise the cry that the Right Party is violating the Argentine laws, which penalize citizens who abstain from voting.

"The people are not to blame," writes



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Not Berlin, but Buenos Aires, Argentina: South American Nazis, with swastikas and torchlights, celebrate the third anniversary of Germany's Third Reich

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the liberal *La Prensa*, of Buenos Aires, South America's biggest newspaper, "for electoral results not providing what they have a right to demand in conference with the intellectual value of the country. The blame should be placed upon the parties, which, once in power, forget the people; and upon the leaders of economic forces and cultural circles who profess political indifference."

Referring to the charge that the masses are too ignorant to vote, the paper characterizes it as "unfounded and contradictory to any claims of adhesion to a democratic ideal."

The conservative *La Nacion* of Buenos Aires, however, says:

"*La Nacion*, which has denounced more than once the lack of organization of those groups within the Federal Capital who do not profess Leftist ideas, views with pleasure the proposal to form throughout the country a National Front as opposed to the Popular Front."

The New York *Times* thinks that "President Justo's decision is bound to have an important bearing on political developments in the whole of South America."

LOCUST PLAGUE: It Begins in the Chaco and Threatens All Americas

Carried on searing desert winds, swarms of locusts from time immemorial infested the East. They visited the land with famine, consuming the crops of the field like the punishing arm of Allah. Like John the Baptist, whose "meat was locusts and wild honey," the Orientals roasted the locusts to satisfy their hunger.

Last week, Don José Medina, Department of Agriculture overseer for the Argentine Government, woke up to find the field of Chaco Province, just south of Paraguay, swarming with the dread insects.

"*Las langostas!* the locusts!" he heard the distressed farm-hands cry.

Plague at Work—For miles around he saw them, a swarm of greenish, membrane-winged insects, devouring the cotton crops of the *haciendas*. They looked like grasshoppers, their bodies ranging in size from a quarter of an inch to five inches. With a deafening sound, they rasped their hind legs against their wing covers and went about their destructive work.

To scare them off, children beat rusty tin cans. But without effect. Government locust-fighters, soon on the job, tried gasoline blow-torches; driving the locusts into ditches, they spurted gasoline over the myriad bodies. But meantime, 10,000 tons of cotton had been destroyed, and 60,000 acres were stripped of every green leaf.

Three years ago, a similar locust invasion devastated more than half the country, damaging peanut, corn, cotton, wheat and vegetable crops. Since that time, at a cost of $250,000 a year, a thousand locust fighters in Argentina have been trying to devise scientific methods for combating the pest.

Like Argentina, Uruguay maintains a campaign organization (*Defensa Agricola*) for fighting the locust menace. The Government distributes wire netting, blow-torches and naphtha to poor farmers. And a torch-armed National Army goes to the front whenever a locust irruption is reported.

Heavy Destruction—While similar plagues are not so frequent in Chile, Paraguay and Bolivia, Brazilian farmers periodically lose a portion of their crops, especially in the vicinity of Rio de Janeiro. So serious is the locust destruction that the Pan-American Conference of Montevideo, Uruguay, three years ago approved a resolution "to suggest to the Governments of America that through their Departments of Agriculture they agree upon the best manner of effecting a joint campaign of defense against locusts." But of results since, there is official silence.

In the United States the State Agricultural Experimental Station in New York warned last week of the reappearance in several counties of the seventeen-year "locust." This insect is in reality the cicada, not at all the terrible Rocky Mountain locust, which resembles the great locust of the days of the Pharaohs, and the one now scourging the South American pampas.

Just how destructive the New York locust will be, officials say, will depend on their numbers. They pointed out that there is no known method of artificial control. Sparrows are their principal natural enemy, but birds' appetites are far from equal to an insect swarm that blackens the sky for miles, and looks from afar like an approaching wall of thick dust.

Underwood

Locusts—millions of them—darken Argentina's sky

TROUBLED CHINA: Rumors of War With Japan Keep Popular Sentiment Boiling

Chiang Kai-shek, Premier and Supreme Commander of the military forces of China, bowed his lean frame last week before brickbats that came at him from every quarter.

Once a supporter of the Communist movement in China, now a dictator with a private army of "blueshirts," he finds himself pinched between the ruthless forces that harry his country. On the one hand, the Japanese continue to bite off ever-larger chunks of sprawling China; on the other hand, he knows that a concentration of his forces in northern China would offer an opportunity for revolt to southern warlords.

Last week, while he waited uncertainly, he saw in the north, Tientsin students marching in demonstration against "Japanese aggression." In the west, he saw Chinese Reds, already in control of a quarter of China, bringing up reenforcements for another drive on the fertile plains east of the Yellow River.

From the east came reports that Fukien, prosperous maritime Province midway between Shanghai and Canton, had erupted in one of those frequent "autonomous" moves behind which Chinese detect the inspiring hand of Japan.

And from the south, where the Provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangsi maintain an army of their own, came a welter of reports that made Chiang Kai-shek's head swim.

Disturbing Rumors—Report No. 1: A Canton Provincial Army, marching north for civil war on Chiang Kai-shek, had already occupied several towns in Hunan Province

Report No. 2: The southwest Provinces had urged all China immediately to battle Japan.

Report No. 3: The Cantonese Government already had declared war on Japan, was mobilizing its troops, and soon would send an expedition north.

Nanking, seat of Chiang's Republican Government, shot out blunt denials. That Canton had declared war, officials said, was "incredible."

Nanking denials, however, do not conceal the fact that anti-Japanese sentiment is at the boiling point and that Chiang Kai-shek is accelerating his "national preparedness program."

For concrete "pill-box" fortifications rise up in North China cemeteries. Foundries work overtime making beams for dugouts; and while thousands of China's millions starve, the Government buries grain along the railway lines of military importance.

Observers' Views—The Chinese, say foreign observers, have begun to look toward arms to save what is left of their dismembered land.

Japanese press comment bristled with belligerence. "Unwise Chinese politicians," cried *Nichi Nichi Shimbun*, popular Tokyo daily, "are endangering the cause of Oriental peace."

The Manchester Guardian, liberal English journal, summed up occidental opinion: "It has long been the opinion in the East that 1936 would be a year of crisis for China. Many believe that moment has arrived. Powerful voices are now crying for war."

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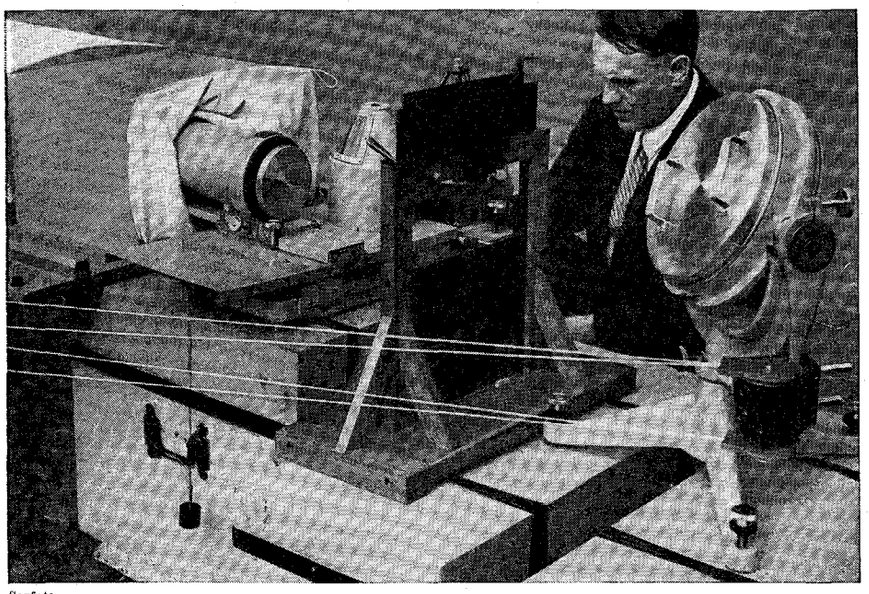
ECLIPSE OF THE SUN AND SUPERSTITION

New Russia's Scientists to Study Phenomenon as Never Before



Sovfoto

Like this scientist, regulating a Soviet-made coronagraph, Russian peasants are anxiously awaiting the solar eclipse on June 19

The peasants of old Russia crouched in their hovels, their unwashed faces drawn in abject terror. Village head-men and Provincial Governors had told them that murmurings against the Czar were the cause of this unholy darkness in the daytime. For the moon was eating up the sun.

That was in 1887.

But next Friday, June 19, peasants of the new Russia who live in the path of the total eclipse will lift eager eyes to behold the same heavenly phenomenon. And this time they will be mystified only at the excitement of the scientists.

For weeks, lecturers from Moscow with lantern slides have been traveling through the region of the path of the total solar eclipse, explaining what is about to happen. Russian newspapers have been carrying pictures and news stories. Simplified science articles, written by directors of observatories, have appeared in the daily press.

Government presses have clanked out three books and many informative pamphlets on eclipses.

At the Moscow Planetarium, ballyhoo has swelled attendance to standing room only. Young "Friends of Astronomy"—amateur astronomers—have been polishing up their telescopes for the big event. Radio broadcasts from Omsk, Tomsk and Belorecherskaya at the time of the eclipse will inform the people of the moon shadow's progress across the earth. Russian newsreels will shoot the pictures for Russian edification.

Path of Shadow—The moon's shadow will sweep a broad-bladed path from Greece through Russia, Siberia, Manchukuo and out into the Pacific past the Japanese Island Hokkaido. Over this swath of about 7,000 miles the umbra will zip in about two and a half hours.

Astronomers and physicists have waited eagerly for it. The last eclipse, in February, 1934, was visible only from the deep jungles of Borneo.

Regretfully they had to pass up the expensive chance of covering it. Now they will observe it as no eclipse ever has been observed before.

From a small shack built to house his telescope and camera, Prof. Horn d'Arturo, the English astronomer, expects to be the first to photograph the eclipse as it shades the coast of Greece just after sunrise. A party of astronomers from the Starya-Doubossary Observatory in Rumania will catch it on the north coast of Asia Minor. Two Russian parties, stationed in the Caucasus, are sharing ground with observatory groups from Czechoslovakia and Italy.

As the eclipse sweeps eastward from the lower Volga to Manchukuo, seventeen more Russian astronomical groups are ready to peer through eyepieces and click their cameras.

Americans at Scene — Three American parties near Orenburg, Russia, are armed with tons of delicate equipment from Harvard University, Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Georgetown College Observatory. Gambling the moving of thousands of dollars worth of instruments against a minute and a half of clear sky, they sought to share its risk by insurance with Lloyd's of London against cloudy weather. The underwriters refused the chance.

But not the crack astronomers and physicists F. J. M. Stratton and F. W. Aston of Cambridge University. They have risked weeks of preparation against a precious minute and a half at Omsk. And another English party, as the shadow swings out over the Pacific, is in league with Japanese astronomers at Hokkaido, catching the last of the snap-shots while Japanese observation planes roar overhead.

Work Differentiated—A year ago, at the meeting of the International Astronomical Union in Paris, astronomers of a dozen nations sat around a table and planned these expeditions.

No large area of the eclipse lacks its observing party. No group duplicates the work of another; no needed scientific knowledge is overlooked.

Phenomena, from the physics of the sun's corona to the effect of the eclipse on radio reception, are all a part of the sweeping survey.

Scientists will have a long wait for another such chance to observe. The next total sun eclipse will occur June 8, 1937, but will be visible only from the landless expanse of the Pacific Ocean. October 1, 1940, another will sweep across a section of the Southern Hemisphere.

No total solar eclipse will be visible from the North American continent until June 30, 1954, when one will cross Canada.

Citizens of the United States who want to see a total eclipse without traveling will have to wait until July 10, 1972. The phenomenon will be visible then from New England.

GRANDEST CANYON: In Ocean-Bed, Off Mouth of Hudson, It Puzzles Scientists

The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey ship *Oceanographer* steamed into the New York Navy Yard last week with the information that New Yorkers have in their own back yard unseen "scenery" equaling in splendor the Grand Canyon of Colorado.

Sailors have known for years the broad "valley" of Ambrose Channel stretching from New York Bay to a point eighty-five miles southeast of Sandy Hook. But the recent explorations of the *Oceanographer* map from that point on a slashing Hudson Canyon cut jaggedly into solid rock and extending forty-five miles farther out to sea.

Its walls, the survey indicated, tower a thousand feet above an ocean-bed 7,200 feet below the surface.

Many such gorges slice the continent's rocky edge. Off the shallow Georges Bank, east of Cape Cod, the Coast and Geodetic Survey ship *Corsair* (the former Morgan yacht) in 1931 mapped and named the Corsair Gorge.

In all, it located six canyons in the ocean's bed, the most shallow of which is deeper than Yellowstone Canyon, while the largest is about the size of the Grand Canyon.

Off California, near San Diego and Los Angeles, scientists have discovered others. This summer, fishermen and pleasure sailors along the West Coast may be puzzled by the antics of Dr. Francis Shepard as he stands in a rowboat and lowers a line over the side while he industriously marks down the soundings.

Puzzled Scientists — The bronzed young Professor of Geology at the University of Illinois called the attention of the geologists to the inexplicable mystery of these gorges when he began his surveys six years ago.

And the staid, settled science of geology began to stir uneasily.

For Doctor Shepard two years ago succeeded in grappling a bit of rock from the edge of a California water-filled canyon and proved that the substance through which the gorges cut is not soft, easily eroded mud, but solid stone.

And in the samples, he pointed out

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fossils showing the stone to be recent, dating back only to the Ice Age, about 1,000,000 years ago.

His discoveries interested Dr. Henry Crosby Stetson of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, who set out similarly to obtain samples of the Atlantic Ocean canyons.

Doctor Stetson scraped off several chunks of rock and found them, too, of recent origin.

Baffling Facts—Many geologists now believe it impossible for the canyons to have been cut under water.

Which offers a problem:

In order for rivers to have cut these canyons, 7,200 feet deep, the ocean-bed must have been a mile and a half lower than it is to-day.

Or the present land levels must have been a mile and a half higher. And in so recent a time that prehistoric man may have witnessed the world's present sea-level rivers plunging down between thousand-foot cliffs into the sea.

Many interesting theories have been propounded to account for the canyons. Dr. H. H. Hess and Dr. Paul MacClintock, geologists of Princeton University, pointed out the world's oblate spheroidal shape: fat around the middle, flattened at the poles, resulting from the centrifugal force of its rotation.

If the earth once were spinning faster, suggested Doctor Hess and Doctor MacClintock, it would have been fatter. Then, had something occurred to slow it down to its present rate—a giant meteor, for example—the oceans would quickly adjust themselves to a more spherical shape. The dry land, on the other hand, would not make the adjustment so quickly.

Therefore, the oceans would, in effect, pile up around the poles, leaving the continents high out of water, and allowing the rivers of the earth to tumble over mile-high cliffs and cut gorges into them.

After a few thousand years, internal forces would press even the dry land into the new shape, restoring the land-water equilibrium and bringing back the shore lines nearly to where they were originally. Thus the new-cut canyons would become the drowned valleys mappers now are finding.

Scientific Theories—Other theories, hard for old-time geologists to swallow:

1. The canyons were cut by the grinding action of silt in the fresh water of inflowing rivers. Objection to this theory: the cutting action of silt probably is too slight to account for the canyons; besides, there are some canyons where no rivers now exist.

2. They were cut by rivers during the Ice Age when much of the ocean's water was locked up at the poles in the form of ice.

Objection: to lower the ocean a mile and a half would require ice-caps ten miles thick over the whole glacial area.

3. The earth swelled, raising all the continents.

Objection: geologists know of no force in the earth's interior likely to cause such a swelling.

To test these theories, scientists may well wish for a vessel like Jules Verne's versatile *Nautilus*.

Present-day submarines can not dive more than 200 feet, and the famous *Bathysphere* of Dr. William Beebe goes down only a half mile, which leaves a full mile still to go.

RACIAL STORY: Calipers and Skulls Tell Anthropologists That There Is No Pure Civilized Strain

Dr. Helen Dawson set out last fall to hunt the countryside of Ireland for 2,000 Irish-women. At a little sod farmhouse, she showed her equipment, two calipers and a folding rule called an anthropometer and used in taking physical measurements. She explained that she wanted to know about Irish skulls and other physical traits in the name of science. For a month before, constables had been paving the way for her.

© International

Prof. Ernest Hooton: Skulls are his specialty

The answer of the toothless old woman was the abrupt slamming of the white-washed door.

The answer was generally the same from the black-haired colleens at the village meeting-place around the pump—until Doctor Dawson's Irish assistant passed out the story that the anthropologist really was a scout from Hollywood. Then, Doctor Dawson had to turn the applicants away by hundreds, until she found out and denied the tale.

Many Heads—Long and tangled has been the racial history of the people of the Emerald Isle. When the great glaciers retreated from Northern England and Ireland some 20,000 years ago, long-headed Neolithic peoples settled there, probably from Europe.

Invasions of squat, short-headed peoples mixed the type during the bronze age, about 5,000 B. C. Then, in the ninth century, Norsemen, followed by Danes, ravaged the coast and established strongholds. They intermingled with the natives until the eleventh century, when native tribes, now with a good sprinkling of fair hair, rose up to cast out their oppressors.

Dr. Ernest A. Hooton, Professor of Anthropology at Harvard, planned the expedition, of which Doctor Dawson became a part. To learn what are the physical characteristics of the Irish racial mixture, he had some fifty points included in the measurements of the women. (Ten thousand men were measured in a separate survey.)

Hair, with its color and texture, body and head size, the size and placing of the nose, all enter into the scientist's composite picture. And back in Cambridge, the latest punching-machines and mechanical card-sorters will enable the researchers to know what the modern Irishman and Irishwoman really is like.

Not only of the Irish, but of all peoples, Doctor Hooton made some statements last week in *Science*. Evidently stirred by persecutions in the name of race in Germany, the anthropologist thundered:

"Man is a predatory mammal which has achieved dominance over other vertebrates by a ruthless use of superior intelligence. . . . From prehistoric times this ingeniously selfish biped has realized that the greatest gain of power and booty lies in preying upon his own species.

"Man incessantly makes a compromise with his conscience by rationalizing his predatory behavior . . . committing more crimes in the name of race than ever have been perpetrated in the name of liberty."

Flat Statements—Doctor Hooton said categorically:

1. A pure race is little more than an anthropological abstraction; no pure race can be found in any civilized country.

2. Anthropologists have found no relationship between race and mental capacity, whether in individuals or in groups.

3. Anthropologists have been unable to grade human races on any evolutionary scale. Each race contains a mixture of advanced and primitive characteristics.

4. Race is not synonymous with language, culture, or nationality. Race is inherited: language, customs and such are acquired. There is no Aryan race; Aryan is a name applied to a family of languages to which most European tongues, including English, belong. There is no "French race" or "German race." These are merely nationalities.

5. Most existing races are hybrids. "The so-called Nordic race is probably a hybrid derivative of several strains present in Europe during the glacial period, to which have been added in historic times Alpine, Mongoloid, and several other racial elements, carried by Lapps, Finns, Slavs, and other peoples who have mixed with the inhabitants of the 'Nordic' area."

6. Race mixture, such as the Negro and the Nordic, or the Mongoloid and the brunette Mediterranean White, does not diminish fertility or vitality. The hybrids exhibit a wide range of combinations of features inherited from both parental races, but no degeneracy, provided that both parental stocks are normal.

7. Each racial type runs the gamut from idiots and criminals to geniuses and statesmen.

"I believe that this nation [the United States] requires a biological purge if it is to check the growing numbers of physically inferior, the mentally ineffective and the antisocial," ventured Doctor Hooton, in a parting-shot.

"These elements which make for social disintegration are drawn from no one race or ethnic stock. Let each of us, Nordic or Negro, Aryan or Semite, Daughter of the Revolution or Son of St. Patrick, pluck the beam from his own eye, before he attempts to remove the mote from that of his brother."

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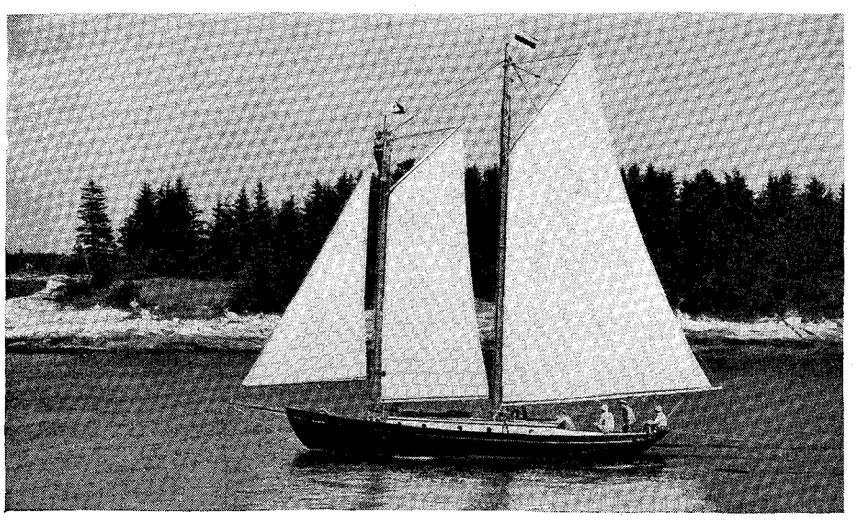
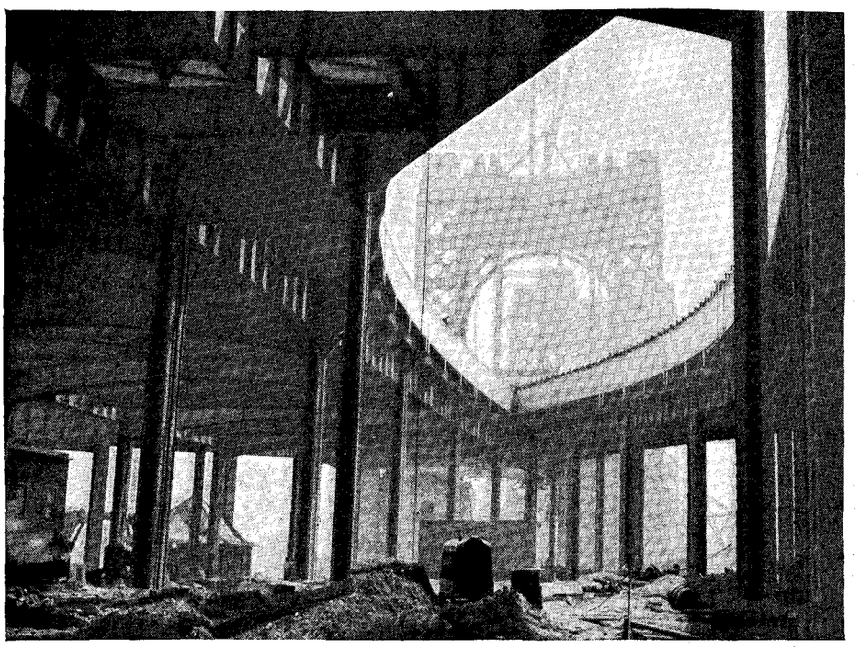
FURIOUS RATTLESNAKE AND OTHER PHOTOGRAPHIC GEMS

Displayed at the June exhibit by members of the New York Camera Club: "Portrait of a Rattlesnake," by LeRoy Carlson; "Unfinished Business," by Charlotte Becker



By G. B. Biggs: "Sailing Off the Coast of Maine"



"Triborough Bridge," seen by the camera-lens of Judson Hayward

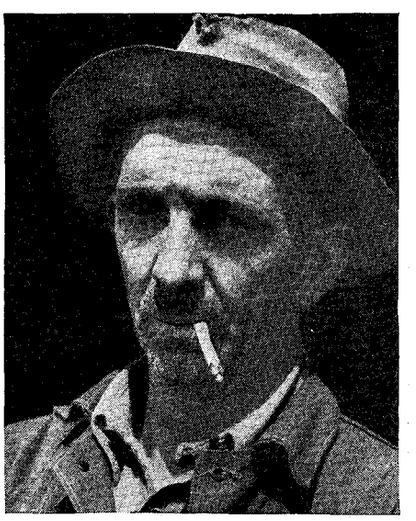
Sweat stood out on the brow of Leroy Carlson as he crawled over boulders near Corpus Christi, Texas. Half a length in front of his eyes lay the sleep-dulled rattler.

There was a barely audible click. A kicked stone crashed. The rattler whipped awake, lashed out.

Last week Carlson brought a fang-ripped finger and an outstanding photograph into the New York Camera Club. It was one in the exhibition of 127 unusual photographs which the club gathered from thirty-four members. Twenty-five prints will be sent on a year-and-a-half national tour. The exhibition will wind up at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

Other camera fans whose work was shown are: Dr. D. J. Ruzicka, famous for early pioneer work in X-rays; Charlotte Becker, well-known illustrator of baby portraits; G. B. Biggs, retired business man, and Judson Hayward, mechanical engineer.

Hayward "loaned" his way into becoming a photographer. He had lent so much money to an impoverished professional photographer that during the depression he found himself proprietor of a studio in lieu of cash repayment.



"Mountaineer Farmer, West Virginia," by Dr. D. J. Ruzicka

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DRAMA UNDER DICTATORS IN EUROPE

Vincent Sheean Investigates Effects of Government Controls

Wide World

"Hitler" in Paris: Georges Norel, in the title role, helps Jean Dulac with his "Hindenburg" make-up; later, the play was banned by the French Government

The answer to a theater man's prayer, a producer friend assured Vincent Sheean, was government subsidy. The government simply handed over a monthly stipend, you paid your actors and stage-hands, and if the seats were half empty, that was somebody else's headache.

"But the strings—the catch—the what-you're-supposed-to-do-in-return?" America's No. 1 Inquiring Reporter remonstrated.

The producer waved the objection aside. He was certain that nothing could matter overmuch if the overhead was guaranteed.

Personal Inquiry—Sheean wondered, and wondering, he hopped aboard a transatlantic liner and went to see. Once in Europe, the promised land of subsidized art, he went to work.

Stopping off now and then at a sidewalk *bistro* to dash off a short story, or to cash another royalty check for his eminently successful book, "Personal History," he poked an inquisitive finger into drama under the dictators in Russia, Italy and Germany.

And shuddered for it.

Reporting his findings in *Stage* under the title "Culture in the Crucible," he sighed that he had found plenty of strings in Utopia; intellectualism crumbling, art gyved, enterprise hamstrung.

Situation in Russia—The Land of the Soviets disturbed him least. There he encountered a deep belief in the Communist idea so wide-spread among writers that they felt no special shame in performing propagandist feats.

True, the propaganda is there, and every play flaunts the glories of the Perfect State.

But the situation, as between Government and artists and between them and their public, amounts to a sort of preaching to the converted.

Thus, because the writer is doing nothing involuntarily, it is possible for him to produce a first-class and intellectually valuable play.

Leftist Seeding—Marveling at such a spontaneous philosophy, such an amazing unanimity of opinion in a land where not every expression of individualist resentment has been stilled, he explored the genesis of Russian arts and letters under the absolutist Czars, and discovered a truism not often mentioned:

Long before the Revolution, every native writer of consequence entertained strong Leftist feelings.

Far in the van of the proletarian surge, and not to be compared with their thin-veined drawing-room rivals, they actually blazed the trail that Lenin and Stalin were to follow.

Far Transition—From Moscow to Rome is a far journey by train, but the distance to Sheean seemed even greater in terms of human liberty. Italy had been under the Mussolini thumb for fourteen years.

For twelve of those years the Government had been most energetic in developing Fascist art, architecture, literature and drama.

Creative artists of all sorts were sought out, encouraged; yes, and subsidized.

To an American coming upon the scene and talking casually with Italian craftsmen it might indeed seem that he had discovered the ideal arrangement which had eaten the New York producer's heart out with envy.

Control in Italy—But that positive program of encouragement had its sequel in a negative policy of discouragement.

For fourteen years the Fascist Government has grimly refused to permit its obedient citizens to become "contaminated" by the books and plays of foreigners not in complete sympathy with the Dictator's aims.

"As a result," Sheean writes, "we behold Italian literature, drama and art in a state of almost total paralysis. At its very best, this system produces the dreadful, sterile silliness of Pirandello. . . ."

New Curbs—Hastening reluctantly across Socialist France to Herr Hitler's Nazi Germany, Sheean found even more destructive elements at work.

Der Fuehrer, he learned, had worked out a pattern of suppression and *verboten* that far outdid anything Mussolini had ever dreamed of doing. In the land of Goethe, fine literature and drama had become harder to smuggle across the Rhine than French soldiers.

In Russia, the régime asked only that writers perform their work in harmony with official philosophy, and with a reliable view to history.

In Italy they were expected to bow to the "rules of a changing, inconsistent and at times fanciful tyrant," who made his philosophy as he went along.

Nazi Handicaps—Germany outdid both in that in addition to an "individual tyrant," it also was steered by a pseudo-philosophy of race.

"The German writer," Sheean noted, "must not only obey the rules of a small gang of rule-makers (whatever those rules may chance to be at the moment), but he must also bear in mind that the Nordics—if he can find any—are the only people fit to thrive in Nordic Germany."

Beyond Dictatorships—As vastly disturbing as is the scene within the dictated trio of nations, the chronicler found it twice as disturbing as in other countries.

Mainly because drying up of literature and art under dictatorship has resulted in extreme vapidity of work in the freer countries of Europe.

The insignificance detected by Sheean covers the English family novel, the French and British drawing-room comedies, Viennese farces and "the general overwhelming silliness of clever people being as clever as they possibly can."

Restraint in France—None the less, there is censorship powered by discretion operating in France, at least.

Two weeks ago Paris flocked, or tried to flock, to a tiny, hard-scrabble little theater in the Belleville district. The play, as art, was no great shakes. The actors, as players, left wide voids between art and practise. Even the settings were niggardly. But the play's subject was Adolf Hitler.

The play did no penetrating damage to Der Feuhrer.

It traced his gradual rise to that point from which he spring-boarded into command of Germany.

It beguiled itself with musing over possible truths in his admittedly Spartan romantic life.

The public learned about it before the police.

When the police did look at it, they acted quickly.

They reported to the Minister of the Interior and he, "in accord with the Minister of Education," promptly banned the play.

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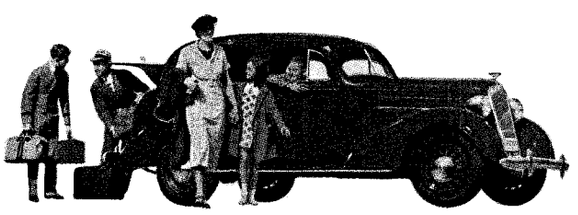

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SUMMER THEATERS They Will Offer Plays Old and New Over Eastern Countryside

Next to guessing under which shell the pea lies, there is, for the unwary and impetuous, no more grief-strung gamble than the operation of a summer theater. To a certain extent, the summer theater has been done to death, but it was not without a certain humorous malice of its own: it did most of its tormentors to death, too.

The high point of Drama in the weeds was reached in the summers of 1934 and 1935, when every actor, dramatist, scene-painter or ticket-taker not otherwise bemused announced his firm intention of operating a theater in the fennel. Naturally, ill-equipped with talent and foresight, not at all equipped with suitable financing, most of these rash gestures withered swiftly.

The outlook for 1936 is much more encouraging. Only the stalwarts seem to be ready for business, only the stalwarts have the courage and strength to face the gamble in the dandelion belts. This, of course, is an excellent thing for summer theaters as an enterprise. It warrants that the theaters actually in operation will be in the hands of theater-wise men, that the plays will be good, that the casts will be professional. The arrangement is steadying.

Varied Training—"Generally speaking," writes Morton Eustis in *Theatre Arts Monthly*, "the steadier organizations fall into four types—summer stock, tryout theaters, festivals and non-professional theaters with schools or apprentice groups. But the lines of division are not, in any case, hard and fast.

"The best form of summer stock, one that pays good dividends to the professional theater, is a newly developed form which is essentially a professional actor's theater—a theater where the player combines work with play and finds the opportunity to essay a variety of different rôles and to enlarge his talents by avoiding type-casting."

Important in the summer theater scheme are two now venerable enterprises: the theater at Skowhegan in Maine, and Elitch Gardens in Denver, Colorado.

"Up in the State of Maine," Mr. Eustis finds, "the inhabitants do not understand what all this new fuss over summer theaters is about. For at Skowhegan, a professional theater colony has run a professional summer theater for so many years that it is reckoned amongst the steadier industries and associated with none of the uncertainties of more modern ventures like the dam at Passamaquoddy.

"Skowhegan," he continues, "which, in the most literal sense, is not a theater but a theater community—founded by theater people for vacation purposes—always has, among its residents or guests, enough prominent actors and playwrights to make its schedule an important one and to tempt young talent into association.

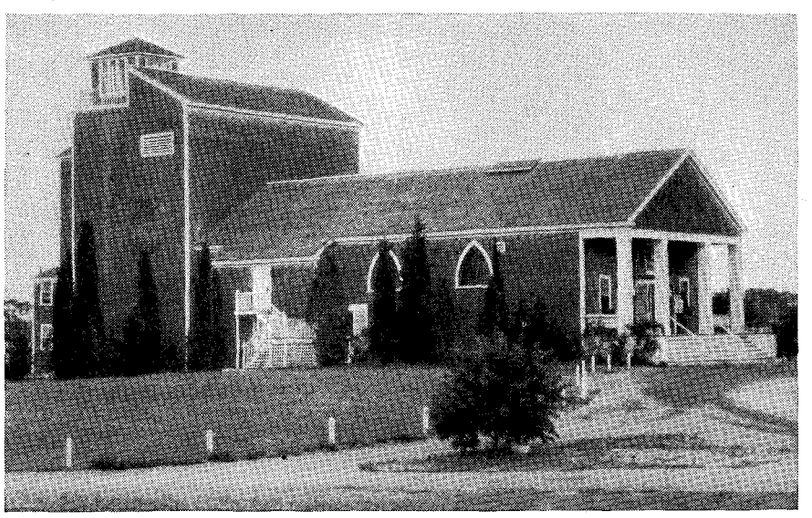
"All but four of the plays which have won the Pulitzer Prize are slated for presentation there this year, including 'Beyond the Horizon,' 'Anna Christie,' 'They Knew What They Wanted,' 'Craig's Wife,' 'Strange Interlude,' 'Both Your Houses,' and 'Men in White.'

"As if this were not a season's work, summer or winter, Melville Burke, the Director, adds that six new plays will be presented, of which two will be 'Ten-Mile Shanty,' by Owen Davis (the most faithful of Skowheganites, and, with his family, one of the community's main attractions) and 'Half a Husband' by Arthur Goodrich."

Many Stages—Altho the commentator does not describe them as such, other blue-ribbon country seats of summer drama are the Westchester Playhouse, Mt. Kisco, New York; the South Shore Players at Cohasset, Massachusetts; Raymond Moore's Cape Playhouse at Dennis, Cape Cod, Massachusetts; the County Theater, Suffern, New York; Walter Hartwig's, Ogunquit, Maine; the Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Massachusetts; the Maverick Players at Woodstock, New York; Pidelah Rice's Theater, Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard Island; Milton Stiefel's Ivoryton Playhouse; the Newport Casino, Newport, Rhode Island; the Essex Players, Lake Champlain; the Forty-Niners at Whitefield, New Hampshire, and the theater at Falmouth, Massachusetts, under Luther Greene's direction this year. And, high up among the best, is Lawrence Langner's Westport Country Playhouse, in Connecticut.

Southward, in Virginia, one notes the Barter Theater, in Abingdon, and adds groups built around dramatic schools.

An example of the difficult schedules these theaters are planning is the program of the Westchester Playhouse.



The Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Massachusetts—one of the blue-ribbon summer theaters

"The Westchester Playhouse," Mr. Eustis writes, "is enlarging its scope by forming two companies to play alternately at Mt. Kisco and at the Ridgeway Theater, White Plains, New York, in the following series: 'Personal Appearance,' with Barbara Brown and George Blackwood, who played the leads in Brock Pemberton's second company this winter; 'Liliom,' with Burgess Meredith and Margaret Perry (Mrs. Meredith); 'The Taming of the Shrew,' with Peggy Wood and Rollo Peters; 'They Knew What They Wanted,' with June Walker; 'What Every Woman Knows' and 'Elizabeth the Queen,' with Mildred Natwick and Vincent Price; 'Fresh Fields,' with Margaret Anglin; 'The Church Mouse,' with Ruth Gordon; 'Death Takes a Holiday,' with Tom Powers; and 'The Bad Man,' with Myron McCormick.

"The Berkshire Playhouse looks forward to an eight-weeks' season with 'Topaze,' 'Libel!', 'The Affairs of Anatol,' 'The Circle' and 'Personal Appearance,' with guest stars for each play.

"Alexander Dean, directing the South Shore Players, Cohasset, Massachusetts, will present Josephine Hull, Shepperd Strudwick, Leona Roberts in a permanent company, and Edith Barrett, Earle Larimore, Selena Royle, Tom Powers, Blanche Yurka and Kenneth MacKenna among the guest stars.

"The festival spirit, born at Baireuth, fostered at Salzburg, Malvern, and, more recently, in the Soviet Union, is slowly, but surely, finding favor in this country," Mr. Eustis finds. "The Pasadena Playhouse, which last year presented Shakespeare's historical plays with signal success, this year turns to a Midsummer Festival of seven of his Greco-Roman plays.

"In Central City, Colorado, where for several years Robert Edmond Jones held sway, the production is to be Gilbert and Sullivan's 'The Gondoliers,' directed by Frank St. Leger.

"Nearer to Broadway is the second Mohawk Drama Festival, at Union College, Schenectady, New York, where Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coburn will supervise (and act) six festival plays presented in an outdoor theater, including 'Macbeth,' 'The Rivals,' with Margaret Anglin; 'The Yellow Jacket'; a new play by Edgar Lee Masters, 'Moroni,' founded on the Joseph Smith legend, associated with the neighborhood, and Molière's 'Imaginary Invalid.'"

Old and New Plays—Most of the summer theaters, virtually all, are predominantly to be occupied with revivals of sterling old plays or recently launched successes from Broadway. A few use one, two or three new plays as a fillip to the summer.

"The only theater (so far discovered) which is strictly and solely a tryout theater is the Red Barn at Locust Valley, Long Island, sponsored by D. A. Doran and managed by Arthur Hanna," it is disclosed. "Here six new plays are to be produced."

Last season, Messrs. Doran and Hanna followed the same idea and among six plays found one which they later presented in New York, "There's Wisdom in Women," and one which did not get production during the last season, but may next: "Wild Justice."

"The summer theater—whatever form it assumes—is primarily a theater workshop," concludes Mr. Eustis. "Rumor had it, not so long ago, that this theater would flood Broadway with new material, in print

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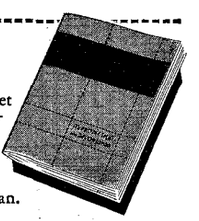

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Hervey Allen's "Anthony Adverse" recreated in the movies: "Anthony Adverse" (Fredric March) and "Faith" (Gale Sondegaard) . . . the duel between "Don Luis" (Claude Rains) and "Dennis Moore" (Louis Hayward), while "Maria" (Anita Louise) watches

and person. The records tell a different story. But if no new playwright of surpassing promise has as yet been developed, no actors have been hurtled into stardom, still a great many young players, playwrights and technicians have gained experience they could never have achieved on Broadway and have demonstrated, on Broadway, how valuable this training has been.

"Meanwhile, the summer is at hand. Good plays and players a-plenty are trouping the countryside. Tickets, ladies and gentlemen, may be purchased at the nearest theatrical barn-door."

GIANT OF FILMS "Anthony Adverse," One of Longest English Novels, Sets Film Record

Six weeks hence, early in August, the screens of America will reflect the film version of one of the longest books ever written in the English language. It will be the Warner Bros. production of "Anthony Adverse." Like the book, it is a giant.

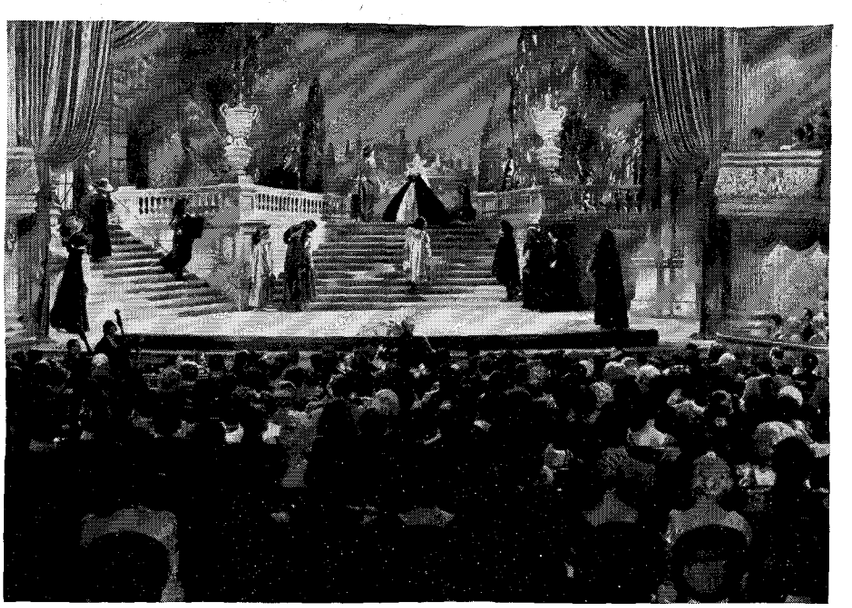
Research into the making of Gargantuan films reveals some interesting figures. Compared to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," probably the next longest film ever made in Hollywood, "Anthony Adverse" has ninety-eight speaking parts, the other film had twenty-two. It has 131 settings, as against ninety-one in the other. The other film required twelve weeks of actual filming time, "Anthony Adverse" was before the cameras for fourteen.

In that time an extraordinary amount of film footage threaded past the lenses—725,000 to be exact. Naturally, not all, not even a large percentage, of this footage will be exhibited. The scenario, by Sheridan Gibney, took into account everything filmable in the book. It was written in 412 script-scenes.

Later, Director Mervyn LeRoy made cuts to speed up the action, other cuts were made to satisfy possible censorial demands and, finally, cuts were made to tighten up the continuity of the story.

In addition to the ninety-eight speaking rôles, there were a few more than 2,500 extras used and a total of 3,721 costumes. This compares with 1,842 costumes in the rival big picture.

When Hervey Allen's book became a best seller, it was a point of individual pride among many to have read through every word of it—once. LeRoy read it twice before the studio bought it for a picture, four times after that. His sixth reading was done in his bedroom and study at home, walls and ceilings of each room being covered with pasted-up pages.



The scene in the Paris Opera

The director is noted for inserting a personal touch into each picture he makes. Once he had a close-up of a hand striking a cigarette lighter. The lighter had been a gift from his wife. Another time, a finger, wearing a wedding-ring, was shown pushing a door-bell. It was his wedding-ring.

Roster of Players—The title rôle is played by Fredric March. Other principals include: Olivia de Havilland, Anita Louise, Donald Woods, Edmund Gwenn, Claude Rains, Louis Hayward, Gale Sondergaard, Steffi Duna, Billy Mauch, Akim Tamiroff, Ralph Morgan and Henry O'Neill.

Heart-break note: After reading the book through twice, LeRoy was frightened lest the studio refuse to make the picture. The studio agreed to make it.

"Then I started worrying for fear somebody else would be assigned to direct it. That would just about have broken my heart."

"Angela" (Olivia de Havilland) at the Mask Ball with "Napoleon" (Rollo Lloyd)

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THE CULTURED WEST PAINTS THE WILD

A New Spirit of the Old Frontier Evident in Denver Art Exhibit

One of the paintings by "Artists of the Rocky Mountain District," included in the Denver Art Museum's forty-second annual exhibition: "Rodeo," by Verona Lorraine Burkhard

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."

Anglican Bishop George Berkeley, friend of Dean Swift, idealist, and first great philosopher to visit our native shores, had in mind the "Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America" back in the seventeen hundreds.

This month in Colorado the opening of the Denver Art Museum's Annual Exhibition of paintings, drawings and sculpture by artists of the Rocky Mountain region echoes the good Bishop's words. The country of the gun totin' bad man, the ribald miner's saloon, the grime-streaked hoss rustler and the frontier desperado, is producing its own culture, new and fresh as a one-day calf, vital as the old frontier spirit.

Donald J. Bear, Director of the Art Museum, commented upon the 110 pieces exhibited by seventy-seven competitors in the gleaming white City and County Building high in hills of the State Capital:

"The jury picked fewer pictures of better quality. There are no pictures that might be called spectacular except, perhaps, the two studies for his Washington Post-Office murals submitted by Frank Mechau.

"In character the show is neither conservative nor modern. It is characterized by an objective point of view on the part of the artist. The jury seemed to be looking principally for originality and the exhibition has great variety in subject matter and technical approach."

Colorado jovially acclaims thirty-three-year-old Frank Mechau a native son; a slight error, in that he was born "just a little piece over the line" in Wakeeny, Kansas. For some time he lived in Paris, where his robust forthright views, as well as art work, were rumored to cause green faces among younger painters. Now living in Colorado Springs, he has stamped himself a painter student of the old West. Guggenheim winner of 1934, 1935 and 1936, Mechau presents in his work the prodigal painter's return to native soil and subjects crystallized in childhood memory.

Albert Bancroft, Cornell graduate, former lawyer, and dean of Rocky Mountain landscape painters, is receiving high praise for the breath-taking realness of a tree-studded scene high in the Rockies.

For the past fifteen years, Bancroft has lived in a log cabin near Estabrook, in the colorful land he loves.

The forty-second Denver Annual Exhibition is far from limited to landscapes. Colored prints from wood-blocks, frescoes, water-colors, oils, depict the splashing color of Mexican peon life, the smooth, powerful muscle play of broncos hurtling in mad flight down *arroyos*, the vivid, alive scenes of the rodeo, roisterers on sun-bleached streets, the hard-fisted life that is the West.

War Veteran—Others among exhibitors include Russell Cowles, Iowa-born winner of the 1915 Prix de Rome, who created a sensation in New York a year ago with his one-man show. Now living in Santa Fe, Cowles is admittedly a swashbuckling romanticist. His war record shows him in the U. S. Navy Intelligence in Italy, with memorable notations from superior officers as to his predilections for garlic and art instead of regimentation.

Mrs. Emerson Ronnebeck recalls studying fresco painting at Fontainebleu while exhibiting an arresting study of "Mother and Child" in striking color and heavy design. Her sculptor husband, Arnold Ronnebeck, vows that all is fair in love and art, and exhibits a statue of a chunky, hard-bitten cloud-hopper in full flying gear.

HOD-CARRIER "GENIUS":

Critics Acclaim Art of Coloradoan Who Died in Poverty

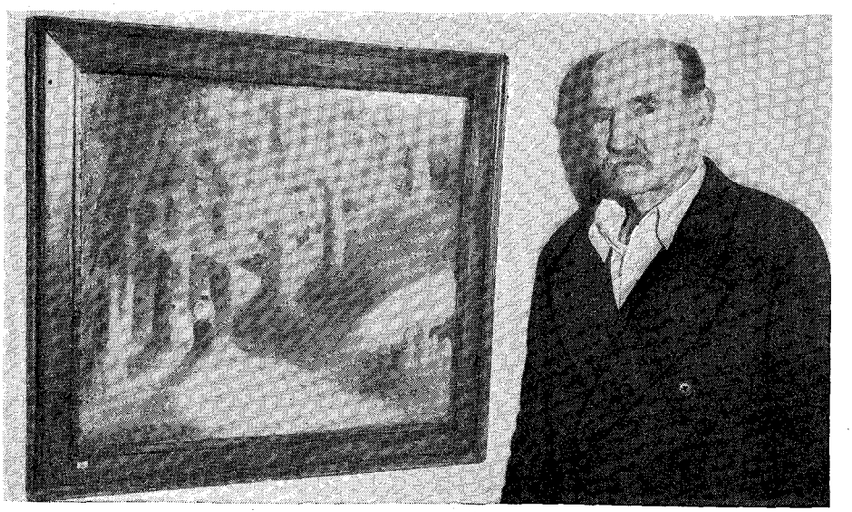
Art critics and connoisseurs turned their backs on the panorama of Rocky Mountain scenery last month and strolled into the Denver Art Museum Chappell House, there to gaze upon the interpretations of an ex-hod-carrier's "childhood feelin's."

An old woman, lean and wrinkled as a Kerry leprechawn, flicked an imaginary piece of dust from one of the eighteen oils and pastels and almost indifferently awaited the verdict. Her own belief in her dead husband's work had been established through eight long years of bending over a wash-tub that her husband might paint.

To a reporter she said: "Sure Michael was a great painter——" smoothing her neat black dress with reddened old hands —"a genius."

The critics agreed.

On that morning back in 1928, even before the foreman on the job approached



The late Michael Edward O'Brien, with his prize-winning canvas, "Rest by the Roadside," painted in memory of his boyhood in Ohio

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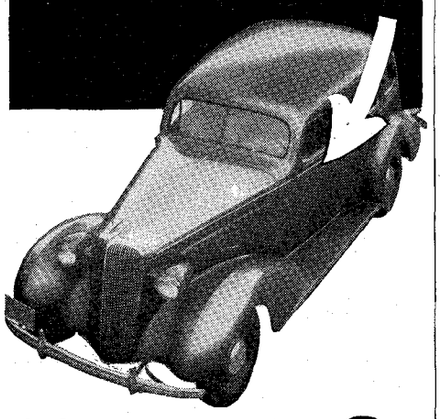

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him, Michael Edward O'Brien knew he was finished. He was seventy-four, and after forty-five years of carrying a hod on Denver construction jobs, his stocky arms had lost their strength. There was nothing left for him to do but swallow the O'Brien pride and accept the State old-age pension.

The pension was small. But Hattie, O'Brien's wife, said: "We'll make out all right. Maybe I'll be pickin' up a bit doin' washin'."

Old Michael tried to smile, the effort costing him a sudden mistiness in his vision. So Hattie continued quickly: "And who knows but that, before long, we may be rich!"

"Rich?"

"Sure." Hattie bustled about the kitchen, from stove to wash-tub, to keep her voice from trembling. "And why not? Haven't you always wanted to be an artist? You and your cardboards and your house paint? You a-sweatin' with a pick and shovel and your hod, all day and all night a-painting your pictures! Now we'll buy you some real paints and canvases. You'll be a great artist. You'll be rich!"

Drudgery and Creation—Because he knew he'd never get another job, Michael O'Brien heeded his wife. He bought an easel, paints and pastels, canvases and boards. And while Hattie slaved, the gnarled hands of the ex-hod-carrier made strokes that were almost too painstaking.

Then in February, 1935, came The Day. O'Brien stood off from a landscape he called "Rest by the Roadside," scratched his bald head, and pronounced the painting good. He donned a clean shirt and his Sunday clothes.

"I think I'll be taking it down to the Denver Artists' Guild show," he told Hattie.

Hattie nodded her agreement. "Sure 'twill win the prize," she prophesied and watched him lumbering slowly down the street.

Winner in Display—Her prophecy came true. The eighty-one-year-old hod-carrier, a short time later, received notice that his canvas depicting a scene from his childhood had won a prize over fifty-one other canvases entered in the Guild show. Fame had reached out and touched him with her wand. But there were no riches.

He sold a few pictures at low prices, enough of them to pay for a few tubes of oils, a new box of pastels. Then, a little more than a year later, on the 12th of last month, Michael Edward O'Brien died penniless in a Denver charity hospital.

Hattie O'Brien was left alone in the small wooden house. She had no money, and the easel and palet and the brushes went for firewood. So badly did she need funds that she sold for $6 to an unknown woman purchaser, who agreed to let her redeem it at the same price, the painting which had won the prize. But she didn't give up her faith in Michael's art.

Eagerly, therefore, she accepted the invitation of Fred S. Bartlett of the Denver Art Museum's red stone Chappell House, to exhibit her husband's paintings May 19 and 20.

Director's Tribute—Son of Irish immigrants, the American-born Michael O'Brien carried into the work of his old age a feeling for the "ould sod," said Donald J. Bear, Director of the Art Museum. "He captured the essence of Irish mysticism. It is particularly evident in his use of colors, in his blending of pastels to create a fringed consistency of emotion. Had his talent been discovered at an earlier age, he might have become one of America's foremost artists."

"Making allowance for his complete lack of artistic education," added Assistant Director Bartlett, "all of O'Brien's work is good. Making no allowance, some of his paintings are excellent."

A brother artist, Paul Gregg, pays this tribute: "His landscapes represent a pronounced and rare ability to bridge the gap between dreams and reality. His skill . . . was improving when he died."

Hattie O'Brien, still penniless but proud, believes she can get a little "extra washing."

DRAWING SIMPLIFIED:

Method Starts With Comma, Goes on With Rapid Strokes

Wish you could draw? Well, get a pencil.

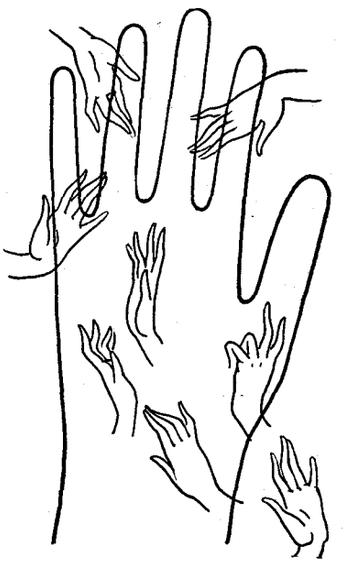
Make a heavy comma. Drop a half-inch free-hand line straight down from it. Fork two similar lines from the lower end of your first line. Now extend the forks, at any broad angle, with two other lines of the same length. Bring two lines out from the base of the comma. Break them at the elbows and extend them upward. Why, it's a man!

Now notice how, by varying the angles only, you can make your figure dance, bow, recline, kneel, run, express ecstasy—almost anything you want.

The first stages of drawing are as simple as that, Adolfo Best-Maugard, art-theorist, explains in his latest book, "The Simplified Human Figure—Intuitional Expression" (New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50).

In easy, entertaining language, Best-Maugard sets forth his methods, already acclaimed by Dr. Robert A. Kissack, Professor of Education at New York University, and by Miguel Covarrubias, Mexican caricaturist. Slowly but surely, the author leads his student-readers from the first wispy diagrams to recondite teachings on "how to vibrate the new rhythm of the new age; how to become one of the builders of the future."

Movement is the key-note of both the book and the method. For the writer's philosophy is that the younger generation can be satisfied only by the flow of motion.



From "The Simplified Human Figure," by Adolfo Best-Maugard: "The hand . . . is one of the most wonderful means that we can use for expression"

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The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

adviser, advisor.—"H. S. C.," Boston, Mass.—The word *adviser* came into English from the Middle French *adviser*, and has been spelled *adviser* in English since the late years of the 16th century—from 1575 onward.

The form *advisor* is (1) based on Late Latin *adviso, advisum*, advice, or (2) perhaps is due to confusion with *advisory*, or (3) from lack of knowledge that our English suffix *-er* is used in forming English nouns from French infinitives. In this case, the Old French and the Middle English forms were *avise, aviser*.

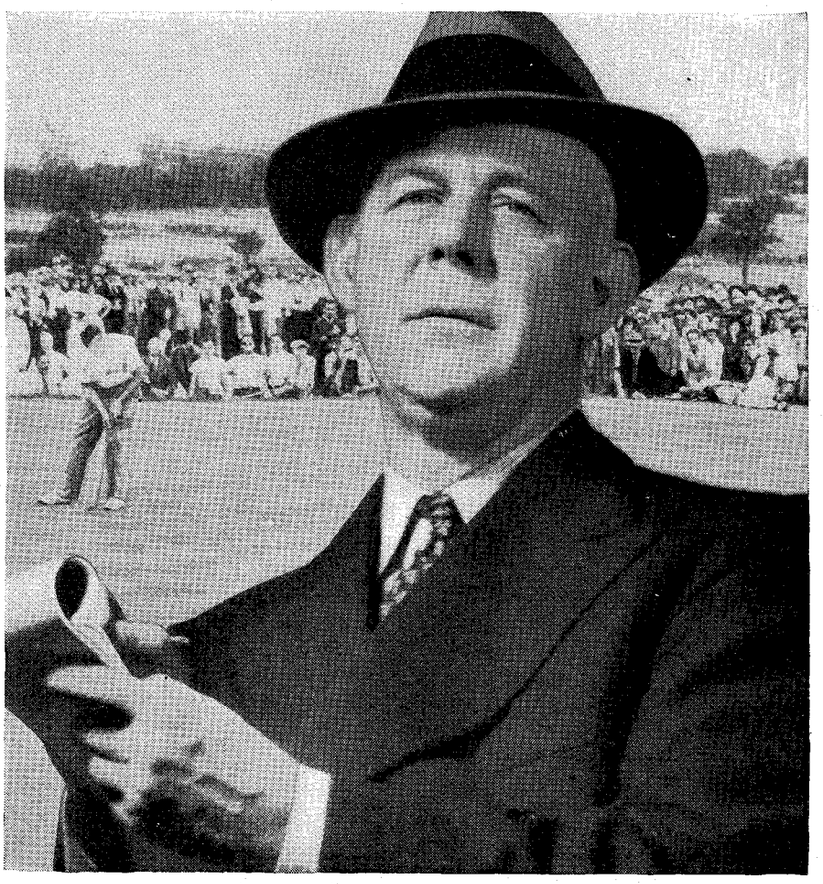
fillet (filet); vallet (valet).—"J. V. M.," New York City.—There is no such word as *fillet* in French. *Filet* is the French form for English *fillet*, which dates from 1700. See Dryden's "Fables": "The rest they cut in legs and *fillets* for the feast." The French word *fillette* means a little or young girl. The word *filet* in French butchery is defined as the most esteemed part of beef situated between the kidney, the flanks, and the rump.

When we have an English word for a French one, the French one is used seldom and only by persons who do not know the English word, or who confuse the two, as is often the case with *filet* and *fillet*.

As a corruption of *varlet, valet* has been in English since 1567. *Varlet* dates from 1456. *Varlet de chambre*, the equivalent of "chamber valet" or "knight of the bedchamber," dates from 1567. "She [Mary Stuart] requested to have a *varlet* of the chamber."—Robertson, "History of Scotland" (1567).

Of *valet*, the pronunciation has varied with the spelling. Originally Old French (12th century), *vaslez* went through the stages *vadlez, vaslet, vallet, valez, valès*, (14th century) *vallet, varlet, vallés, vaylet*, and the pronunciation varied with each stage.

Phi Beta Kappa.—"R. C. F.," Iowa City, Ia.—The popular pronunciation of the name of the American society, whose members are taken from upper-class college students of high standing, is *fai beta kapa, ai* as in *aisle, e* as in *they*, first and third *a's* as in *final*, second *a* as in *cap*. This pronunciation seems to be a transitional hybrid, a compromise between the so-called English pronunciation formerly taught in American schools and the pronunciation now taught. In the English system, *Beta* is pronounced *bita, i* as in *police*. In the pronunciation now taught, the full name is pronounced *fi beta kapa, i* as in *police, e* as in *they*, first and third *a's* as in *final*, second *a* as in *father*. The members of the society themselves are not in agreement upon the pronunciation to be favored. Some prefer to carry the present classroom pronunciation into general usage; some cling to the older style, and some are content with the popular hybrid.



All Great Champions Have It...

—it's the one thing a "Would-be" lacks

by Grantland Rice

Dean of American Sports Writers

PEOPLE often ask me just what makes a champion. In my life-time I have seen literally three generations of champions in almost every major branch of sports. I have known them, watched them work, even worked with them.

What made the performances of these great athletes stand out thrillingly above the attempts of the would-be champs? Well, that is a hard question to answer, but basically three things make a champion. First, the right material to start with—then meticulous care in training, and finally and most important, that finishing touch, *correct timing*. Watch a great golfer, a great boxer, a great pitcher, and you will see that the essence of their superiority is correct timing.

The other day in Boston I saw this same idea at work in an entirely different field of endeavor. It had been my belief that in making a safety razor blade some one picked out a piece of steel, blocked out the blade and then sharpened it. But when I visited the Gillette Safety Razor factory, I discovered that even with razor blades, champions could not be made this way. For three hours I pursued a tiny piece of blade steel from the raw, cold metal until the finished product, sterilized and sealed in its sanitary waxed paper wrapper, was placed in my hand.

I tried to keep a record of the number of machines, simple and intricate, that were used. I also started out to keep a record of the number of tests employed to check every minute detail. But I soon became much too interested in watching all the various developments used, to keep on making notes.

There were machines that checked human workers and human workers that checked machines. There were machines that checked machines to see that no possible error could take place. There were machines delicate enough to check the pressure made by thin paper coming in contact with the blade's edge.

Throughout all of this, the *timing* was as perfect as the actions of any champion on a winning day. No lost motion . . . every process was coordinated to produce the desired result—the perfect blade.

Champions? Yes—when it comes to razor blades, Gillette has *the one perfect system* for turning them out. In fact, after what I saw, I can't imagine any man being satisfied with any shave but a championship shave—and that, of course, means Gillette Blades.

In view of these facts, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

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NEW BOOKS: Metropolitan Opera's Colorful History, and Adventure by Flivver on Lists

Carlo Edwards Photo

A highlight in the history of the Metropolitan Opera: Lawrence Tibbett in "Simon Boccanegra"

The Metropolitan Opera: 1883-1935. By Irving Kolodin. 589 pp. (New York: Oxford University Press; $3.75.)

In April, 1880, a group of New York capitalists who year after year had jealously watched the Knickerbocker families filling all the boxes at the old Academy of Music at Fourteenth Street and Irving Place, decided upon a social upheaval. So they built the amazing barn on Broadway between Thirty-ninth and Fortieth which was to become the first permanent home of grand opera in America.

Determined to have something bigger, if no better, they installed three rows of boxes, and into them on October 22, 1883, fluttered the First Families of Manhattan. In a glare of brilliant finery the house was opened by a performance of "Faust," with Christine Nilsson as *Marguerite*. The glittering jewels christened the Diamond Horseshoe, but the Gounod *magnum opus* became so popular that in 1897 W. J. Henderson nicknamed the Metropolitan *"Das Faustspielhaus."*

But the founding fathers of American opera were not to dwell in a musical paradise. The Diamond Horseshoe tickled their vanity; but tenors have to eat and costumers must be paid. Soon they ensued a régime of alternate economy and parsimony which Mr. Kolodin thinks was a lucky accident, since it was responsible for introducing "the most exacting works in the literature of the musical theater—those of Richard Wagner." It also created the paradox under which, from 1884 to 1891, German was the official language of opera in the United States.

Nevertheless, the management always had some squabble on its hands. If it grew ambitious, sponsors complained of the cost. If it became consciously thrifty, critics raged against the lack of imagination in the repertory. Thus, since they could not pinch pennies where the pinching showed much, the directors saved elsewhere.

They saved on fire insurance, taking out only $60,000 worth, and rubbed their palms with satisfaction because the contractors had assured them that the new temple of the musical drama was a model of 1880 fireproof construction. In 1892 it caught fire and burned up $300,000 of their hard-won money.

The next year it reopened with a record turnout of sapphires and satins, with the inevitable "Faust," Emma Eames as the *prima donna*.

Sizzling Scandal—In 1907 the Met got itself into a public scandal, thanks to the too-imaginative Heinrich Conried, then director. He had put on "Parsifal" on Christmas Eve, to the great distress of the clergy. A hand-picked audience proved friendly to a Sunday morning dress rehearsal of "Salome." But on Tuesday night, when an astonished public saw Olive Fremstad writhe through the Dance of the Seven Veils and kiss the head of *John the Baptist* upon its silver salver, the uproar sizzled telegraph lines all the way to Honolulu.

H. E. Krehbiel in the New York *Tribune* thundered against "the moral stench with which 'Salome' fills the nostrils of humanity," and Walter Prichard Eaton reported that "men spoke as if a bad dream were upon them." "Salome" was packed off to the storehouse.

The book abounds in great names which still glow in the memory of provincial capitals, but the author laments that "the interest of society in opera . . . has definitely ended."

Critical Opinions—ALBANY (N. Y.) EVENING NEWS: *"Its importance can not be overstated."*

BERGEN (N. J.) EVENING RECORD: *"Entertaining is the word . . . an invaluable addition to your opera library."*

CHICAGO EVENING AMERICAN: *" . . . . a book that should prove a boon to all music lovers."*

PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC LEDGER: *" . . . . glamourous history . . . . most entertainingly told."*

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS: *"For the diligence involved in compiling such a book the author deserves cordial praise."*

* * *

Away to Cape Breton. By Gordon Brinley. 266 pp. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.50.)

Last year *Sally*, the almost human car, carried Gordon Brinley, the *Duchess*, and *Dan* on an exciting journey through Gaspé, and a considerable number of readers who accompanied them in the book, "Away to Gaspé," will be delighted to know that the faithful flivver held together over the perilous hairpin turns to Cape Breton and back.

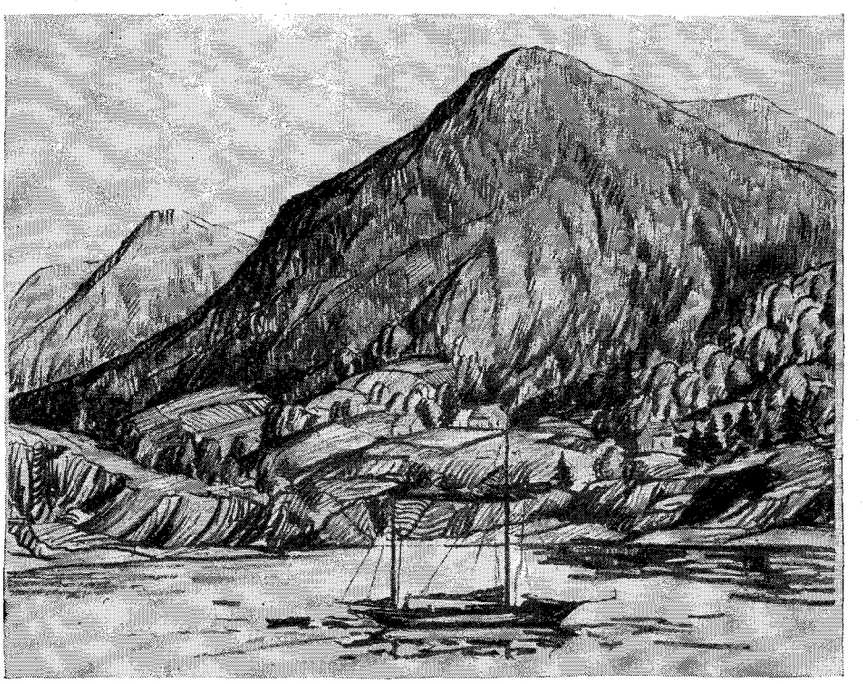
The description of the leisurely jaunt along the Cabot Trail, an unsuccessful sword-fishing expedition, a cruise on the Bras d'Or Lakes, a poking-about in the old fortress of Louisburg, and other odds and ends, is as complete as only the Brinleys know how to make it.

For these intrepid trippers travel in a tent, know how to pitch it so the wind will not whip out the stakes, and how, by cunning and copious netting, to elude the man-eating mosquito.

Warnings—It is evident from the casual reports of what timid Sunday afternoon automobilists might consider hardships that the Brinleys have the stuff of the first white men to view Canada's wild beauty. At Cape Rouge they encountered a warning in the Relief Map Directory: "In our opinion, inexperienced or timid drivers should not take this drive; and under no circumstances should the drive be taken unless your brakes are working perfectly, and your car working well in low gear."

But they were bound for Pleasant Bay, and no warnings could deter them. *Sally*, given a precautionary once-over, lurched and spluttered up narrow mountain ledges with only occasional spots wide enough for passing, and without guard-rails.

Reading about it all, the stay-at-home may be pardoned for a touch of vertigo



"Cape Dauphin," one of Putnam Brinley's illustrations for "Away to Cape Breton"

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every time the boiling radiator comes galloping around the mountain; and doing it, the Brinleys can be excused for a little geographical confusion.

Gordon Brinley puts a "k" in New Brunswick's Fredericton, and Putnam Brinley, in the illustration opposite page 52, makes the St. John River flow through Nova Scotia, at least ninety miles off its course; once in Cape Breton, they manage to get straightened out.

An appendix which includes ferry fees, hunting and fishing license requirements, a list of the best pools, and even the proper flies to use, supplies a utilitarian element to the narrative and pictorial fascinations of the account. Passengers in the Brinleys' literary rumble seat will be impatiently waiting for the 1936 excursion.

Critical Opinions—NEW YORK SUN: "*. . . . a narrative in a sprightly vein. It is the observation and recording of little things that give 'Away to Cape Breton' its peculiar quality.*"

NEW CANAAN (CONN.) ADVERTISER: "*Last year the Brinleys gave us 'Away to Gaspé.' That it instantly became a best seller indicated its interest. It is probable that the Breton book will follow, if not surpass, its companion in the climb in the selling lists.*"

BOSTON HERALD: "*. . . . a first-rate and unique guide book. It is written so enticingly, with so much enjoyment, that any live person must catch the spirit of it.*"

* * *

Jim Lane Cook, whose autobiography has been related to T. M. Pearce of the University of New Mexico for publication under the title, "**Lane of the Llano**" (Little, Brown), was born in the Bowie cabin, the log home of John Bowie, who died at the Alamo. Jim's father, Mart Cook, discovered the Chisholm Trail and Jim was a member of the party.

* * *

A. Hyatt Verrill, author of "**Strange Sea Shells and Their Stories**" (L. C. Page) recently caused a nice lady considerable anguish by way of illustrating a point. In Peru he had discovered in the grave of an Inca a large gourd filled with pearls. He showed the treasure and the lady's eyes grew large with wonder. Then he blew on the pearls and they vanished in a cloud of dust. The moral: don't bury your pearls for a thousand years, or more.

* * *

The Massachusetts Library Association recently asked sixty-two authors to choose their ten best-liked books, exclusive of the Bible, Shakespeare and references. Homer's Odyssey led with fourteen votes; Emerson's Essays followed with thirteen. Robert Frost, whose "**A Further Range**" (Holt) is just out, gave a vote to Anthony Hope's "The Prisoner of Zenda."

* * *

Members of The Viking Press are scratching their heads in perplexity and wondering at the vagaries of public taste, for only the other day a 750-copy first edition of Lionel Wiggam's poems, "**Landscape With Figures,**" had to be boosted to a second printing of 2,000, so heavy was the subscription. And Wiggam is only a twenty-year-old college student.

* * *

C. J. Bulliet, author of the forthcoming "**The Significant Moderns and Their Pictures**" (Covici-Friede), discloses that Vlaminck, ranked among "the minor aristocracy," was once a professional bicycle rider and holder of championships.

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Current Poetry

RAGAMUFFIN

BY JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

The leaf has been torn from the withering tree
and cast as an urchin from gutter to gutter.
The parent is sad; hear her mutter and mutter,
while over the land where the going is free

a mad ragamuffin is beating his way.
and stealing a quick ride from by-road to by-road,
then challenging evils from highroad to highroad,
and living intrepid, for only the day.

—*Through Many Doors* (The Paebar Company, New York.)

THE UNBROKEN RHYTHM

BY GRACE NOLL CROWELL

Perhaps we shall find at last that life and death
Are part of the same poem, rime on rime,
With but a natural pausing for the breath
As a sentence ends, that swinging out from time
Into eternity will make no break at all;
That still the perfect rhythm will be there;
That the swinging, high, sustained notes will not fall,
Nor the music falter on the waiting air.

I trust that there will be no stumbling feet
To mar the progress of that perfect thing.
The epic we call "life" is strangely sweet,
And yet, God grant upon its upward swing
It may take on, beneath an abler hand,
A meaning that the heart can understand.

—*Good Housekeeping.*

ABSENT THEE FROM FELICITY

BY EVELYN R. AHREND

Better the moon on the sill
All the night long
Than fat and dreamless sleep
That holds no song.

Better the crumpled leaf,
The lonely rain,
Than the dull mind echoing
A dead refrain.

Altho the knife go deep,
Utter no sound
If the spirit burst its bars,
If the word be found.

—From *Columbia Poetry* (Columbia University Press)

TRAFFIC COURT

BY LARRY MULHEARN

I

Uncounted hundreds sit and wait.
The judge struts in an hour late,
For judges punch no clock nor do
They have to work the whole day through.

II

How maddening to waste a morning
To hear a pompous judge's warning,
Or sit with ever-tightening collar
While waiting to be fined a dollar!

—*The Conning Tower, New York Herald Tribune.*

MIDSUMMER

BY WILBERT SNOW

Loafing on Maine's red rocks inside a harbor,
I hear the sea-gulls like the sound of bagpipes
Across the blue-green stretches of cool water.
Then silence heaps itself as if some golden
Invisible moon far off beneath the ocean
Were hoarding up the flowing tides of quiet
That linger in these spruce-encircled inlets.

The lesser notes that ripple on this silence,
Intruding, yet not harshly nor melancholy,
Like wavelets shushing on white sandy beaches,
Or clink of bell-buoys over sunken ledges,
Are gentle overtones to sea-gull music
Echoing up the shore like haunting bagpipes
Across the slopes of dancing water.

—From *Selected Poems* (Edwin V. Mitchell, New York).

SUMMER NIGHT

BY GILEAN DOUGLAS

Shut the doors and windows tightly,
Draw the blind against the pane—
(Last night there was honeysuckle
In a little quiet lane.

Last night there was wind that whispered
And a silver-tinted sky.)
Bind a cloth upon my eyelids
Till the moon has ridden by!

(Once I walked as cold as winter
With a heart like broken stone.)
Hold my trembling fingers closely,
Do not leave me here alone

With the summer knocking—knocking—
And a leaf against the pane
Like the sound of lovers' footsteps
In a little quiet lane.

—*Kaleidograph.*

JOSEPH JOEL KEITH, co-author with Kathleen Sutton of "Through Many Doors," contributes to virtually all the better poetry journals. He is author of short stories, essays, poetic plays, and a Hollywood newspaper column.

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Television

TWO NATIONS PREPARE BROADCASTS

British and American Engineers Arrange Tryout Mechanisms

Myrna Loy with green eyelids languid under jet black eyebrows!

Loy with soft cheeks of light yellow and impudent up-tilted nose a darker yellow!!

Loy's pouting lips—dark brown!!!

There you have her, not as a Comanche Indian on the war-path, but made up for television on lines laid down for England's first two television announcer-hostesses preparing for British Broadcasting Company field-tests to begin July 1 at Alexandra Palace in London.

But a step ahead of the English is the Radio Corporation of America, whose army of engineers is ready on June 29 schedule to send images flying through the air in their long-prepared-for million-dollar field-tests from Radio City studios connected with television equipment atop the Empire State building, New York City.

These field-tests and work by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company on a coaxial cable, or television "pipe line," between New York and Philadelphia, are important mile-stones in the international race of television experts.

In fact, television has made such remarkable technical strides it provides the chief problem at this week's hearing of the Federal Radio Communications Commission in Washington. The commission is gathering information on which to base long-range policies for radio and television and consider possible economic effects of television and facsimile (still picture) transmission on existing broadcasting, receiver manufacturing, motion-picture and newspaper businesses.

Precautions Taken—Such long-range planning goes far toward eliminating difficulties like the wave-length conflicts in early days of radio broadcasting. This foresight will help greatly to eliminate possible television static or crossed broadcasts that might show Helen Hayes as *Victoria Regina* making a home run in a world series ball game.

To the layman, the television camera is a magic device that appears to be comparatively simple with its ten-inch iconoscope, or "glass eye." All that this light-sensitive eye views is electrified and broadcast much as are the tones of a violin caught by the microphone.

Engineers testing the magic eye on the Empire State tower will train it on the *Queen Mary* being bullied to her pier by cockily blatant tugboats, reveal close-ups of engineers, or run off special movies, while at fifty points other engineers hover about receiving sets studying results, clarity, distance attained, what not.

To-morrow the television eye will accompany the radio car in spying on the world. To-day the character of the service known to be possible has been compared in its limitations to what one sees of a parade through the closed window of an office-building.

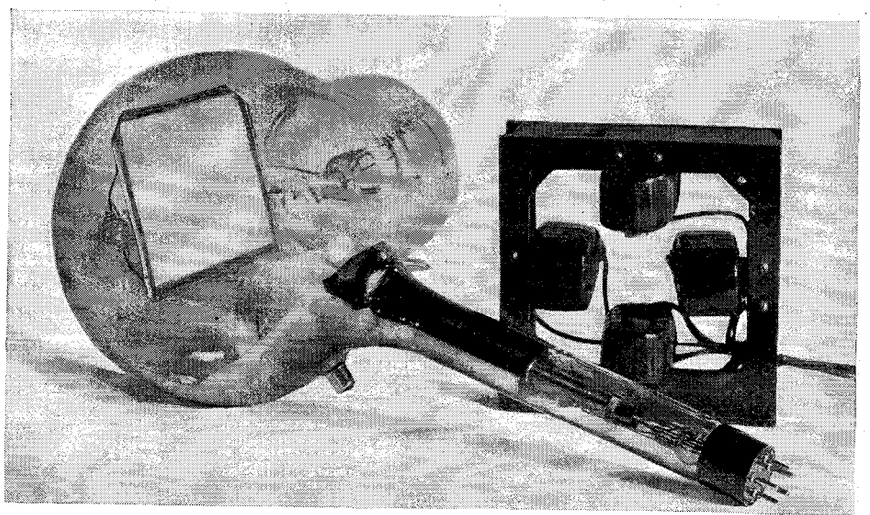
The radiotelevision receiver closely resembles a standard receiving set. But inside the much more complex mechanism coordinates sound and sight. The spectator-listener tunes in for sound and is properly focused for television pictures. A range of fourteen knobs lets him play with lights and shadows as well as with soft and loud sound tones.

Mechanism of Receiver—Within the cabinet is the expensive, all-important, funnel-shaped cathode ray tube, one of thirty-three vacuum tubes, which receives all images seen by the iconoscope eye. Within the cathode ray tube, the "loud-speaker of sight," is an electron gun which squirts electrical "paint" on a fluorescent screen at the large end of the tube.

On the uplifted cabinet top, a mirror reflects the images on this screen. When the set is turned on there is a "splash" of electrons on the screen, like a bright smear of paint. Quickly the smear clarifies and becomes a television picture.

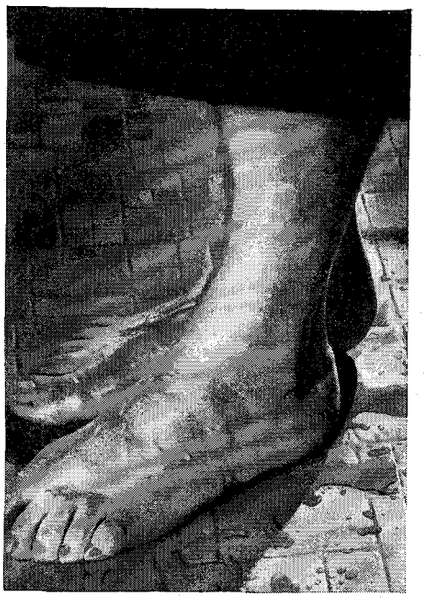
The images flash onto the five-by-seven-inch screen at a rate equivalent to sixty per second as compared to the twenty-four pictures per second of motion-pictures.

Guarded Start—Television is here to stay, engineers insist; but it will be some time before it finds its way home to the nation at large. Prior to the field-tests, they feel that its service range is limited to a radius



Television's "eye": the iconoscope, part of the radio camera, showing the rectangular "retina" upon which the image to be broadcast registers

DON'T BE A "CARRIER"



GET RID OF

ATHLETE'S FOOT

SO treacherous is Athlete's Foot that you may be infected and not know it. And if you *are* infected, you are a *carrier*. So contagious is the disease, you spread infection wherever you tread barefoot—at the beach, at the club, in your home. Your very family may be the next to suffer.

Don't be a carrier! Examine your toes tonight. At the slightest symptom douse on Absorbine Jr. Once the fungus is able to dig deep, painful soreness is the penalty. The skin turns white, gets moist and blistered, peels, cracks open with distressing soreness.

Absorbine Jr. kills the infectious fungus when reached. Promptly, it brings relief, cools and comforts. It helps to heal the broken tissues. Accept no imitations. Go to your druggist today and ask for Absorbine Jr., $1.25 a bottle, or for a generous free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 345 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

If you are suffering with an extreme case, consult a doctor. So difficult is it to kill the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot, your own socks can re-infect you unless boiled 20 minutes when washed.

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of from fifteen to twenty miles. A multitude of stations would be required to cover the more than 3,000,000 square miles in the United States. Also, existing wire systems are not suitable for interconnecting television stations. England, with only 50,000 square miles to cover, might conceivably beat America to the punch in nation-wide "televising."

Home set-builders who had a merry time making radio sets will have difficulties with television receivers requiring so many expensive tubes and so much more intricate equipment.

Existing receivers are valued at several thousand dollars each. Engineers whose chief fear is that both broadcasting and receiving sets may become obsolete as rapidly as they can be constructed, estimate that early home sets, when they come, will cost hundreds of dollars.

So the average radio fan must sit back and wait until tremendous sums have been expended and the problems of nation-wide television solved. Advertisers must be found to support programs costing as much as $200,000 each.

Press

EMBATTLED GUILD: It Will Carry On as Trade-Union Allied With A. F. of L.

Sixty thousand newspaper men and women from San Pedro, California, to Bangor, Maine, hung up their hats one day last week and began grinding out the daily grist of murders, bridge teas, Asiatic war-scares, and American politics. City-rooms large and small, in sky-scrapers and one-story frame lean-tos, reverberated with the clacking of typewriters and telegraph keys, and the sharp summons "Copy-boy!"

Twenty-dollar-a-week cub reporters, their nostrils quivering at the stench of printer's ink, tripped over hoary telegraph editors and bilious, bald-pated copy-readers, long since resigned to an average top-scale $50. Veterans of thirty-forty years, shunted into forgotten corners with paste-pots and shears by the press of youth, sighed for half-forgotten dreams of shorter hours, better pay, and security, and for the blithe youngsters who still believed in such mirages. Newspaper men, they said, would never have security; because newspaper men could live on black coffee and thrills.

Trade-Unionist—Suddenly a thrill that belied their pessimistic theory flashed across the country. Staccato press service teletypewriters that had been clacking out the latest antics of a Congressman, pecked off the news that the American Newspaper Guild had voted to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor.

What did the eighty-five-to-four vote of the thirty-month-old Guild's Convention in New York mean? To the 5,500 members, tho they represent fewer than 10 per cent. of the craft's eligibles, it meant victory at last in the long battle to organize sob-sisters and copy-boys, librarians and rewrite *prima donnas*, for the common purpose of achieving uniformly improved working conditions.

That battle began with the creation of NRA and its famous Section 7a, which vouchsafed to workers in all industries and

Acme

Heywood Broun (down center), President of the American Newspaper Guild, marches with the embattled strikers of Hearst's "Wisconsin News"

vocations the right to organize for collective bargaining. A handful of New York newspaper men, ignoring the cynics' taunts that they, being the most rugged of all rugged individualists, could never agree on anything but having a drink, met to lay the groundwork from which sprang the ANG, with units in eighteen States and the District of Columbia, and a paid-up membership of 4,236.

The aims laid down at those first exploratory meetings endured as the permanent Guild program. They were not ambitious: a minimum wage scale based on length of service; a forty-hour work week to be reduced as soon as possible to thirty; adequate dismissal notice, with a graduated system of dismissal bonuses based on length of service; security against dismissal without due cause through the setting up of grievance committees to hear individual cases; retirement pensions.

Nevertheless, publishers bristled. Newspaper owners charged that their employees were seeking to dictate policies, that their tenets threatened to undermine the cherished freedom of the press. Here and there reporters, emboldened by the feeling that they had their fellows behind them, walked out into the picket-line, waved placards, staged parades, took their grievances to subscribers and advertisers. In rapid sequence, half-a-dozen strikes broke out over the country, and loyal Guildsmen dipped into their pockets for funds to keep the fires of protest burning.

Changes in View—One by one, conservative Guild members who had begun by opposing the labor-union idea and urging informal conferences with publishers to adjust grievances, either dropped out or swung over to the growing conviction that their demands could be driven home only by the familar weapon labor had used ever since the first workmen laid down their tools to force employers to talk terms.

So strikes continued, mostly in suburban towns, and then at 7 A. M. last February 17, twenty-two men and women clapped on their hats and strode, their hearts in their mouths, from the dingy city-room of the Wisconsin *News* in Milwaukee, one of William Randolph Hearst's powerful chain newspapers.

To them the news from the Hotel Astor in New York was no less welcome for having been expected. For four months they had bombarded an unrelenting publisher with brass bands, sound-trucks, parades, posters, and picket-lines. Victory could never be won on Lake Michigan if the main army retreated on the Hudson. As it was, the Milwaukee strikers could look forward to a promised A. F. of L. charter in July that would bring the *News* printers, pressmen, stereotypers, and mailers into line as allies.

Cheered by the step he had so long advocated, Heywood Broun, New York *World-Telegram* columnist and President of the ANG, called on delegates about to dash back to desks and dead-lines to continue the fight all the way down the line. They promptly rose and reelected him President.

But Broun's "boss," Roy W. Howard, little but mighty Chairman of the Board of Scripps-Howard Newspapers, gave notice that America's publishers also were prepared to man their trenches for a siege.

Publishers' Retort—Lashing out at "this attempt to hog-tie and standardize creative writers," the dynamic owners' spokesman exploded: "The Newspaper Guild also is attempting to effect a closed shop for editorial workers, and would restrict all reporting and even editorial writing to members committed to closed shop trade-unionism, thus eliminating dissenting and controversial opinion from all newspapers."

No doubt Mr. Howard was spurred to such utterances by the observations of Rupert Hughes, the author, regarding the recently organized Screen Writers' Guild, that "of late a certain school of writers is not only trying to lift the writing craft to the dizzy heights of the labor unions, but to amalgamate all writers into one grand national union."

Quite a different view was expressed by Mayor F. H. LaGuardia, who warned the Guild delegates that they must live through "the same labor troubles and heartaches and disappointments as Pullman porters and air-line pilots."

One trouble that lies ahead was perhaps foreseen by the minority of four which voted to defer affiliation with the A. F. of L.: the Federation itself is torn by the battle between its President, William Green, and John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, the former fighting to maintain the old craft-unions, the latter demanding the creation of industrial, or vertical unions.

A vertical newspaper union would embrace not only reporters and editors, but printers and pressmen, and even accountants, janitors, elevator operators, advertising solicitors, librarians, stenographers—every one housed under the same newspaper roof. More than one newspaper man has asked: What voice would writers have in such a set-up?

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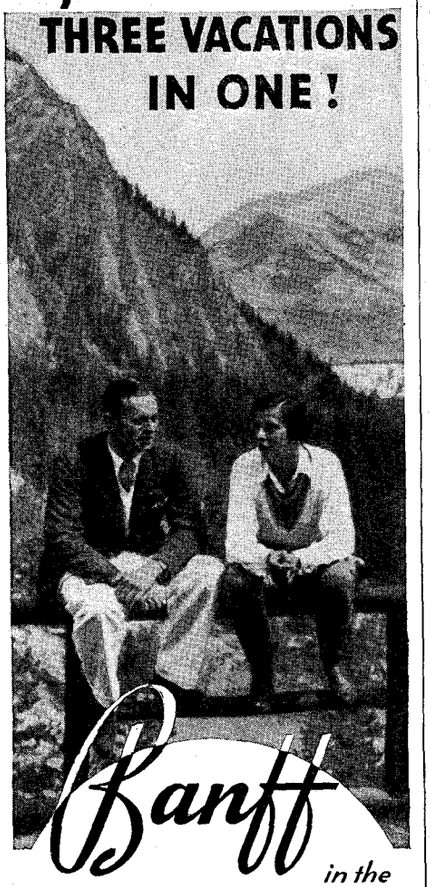

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Off-Side

A Nap With Death—One day last week, Arnold Banderana stretched out on the cross-ties of a Los Angeles railroad-yard track and went to sleep. The heat of an engine rolling over him woke him up. He raised his head. All he got was a bump.

* * *

Jewel Retriever—While watching an Armistice Day parade eighteen years ago, Mrs. Nick Jeatran of Menomonie, Wisconsin, lost a cameo-brooch. Recently the family dog found it and brought it home.

* * *

New Use for Lloyd's—To make sure he'd win if his name should be called on a movie "bank night" when he wasn't present, A. F. Carroll of Dyesburg, Tennessee, took out the necessary insurance with the local Lloyd's. Soon afterward, his name was called to receive $325. He wasn't there. But he won anyway. The insurance company paid.

* * *

Swearers' Whipping-Boy—Elkton, Maryland, has a new ordinance barring swearing in or about business houses. Not the person who swears, but the proprietor who permits the swearing on his premises within sight or hearing of near-by residents or passers-by, is to be the culprit.

* * *

Canning Dirt—To open its annual city clean-up, paint-up, plant-up, and fix-up campaign, Salt Lake City's Junior Chamber of Commerce held a tin-can parade. Each marcher carried six tin cans tied together with a string.

* * *

Tigerish Record—When Sir Gulab Singh Bahadur, thirty-three-year-old Maharajah of Rewa, was sixteen, he vowed he would kill 500 tigers. Last week he shot his 501st—believed to be a record.

* * *

Coal-Field Triplets—Dr. H. H. Triplet of Harlan, Kentucky, delivered triplet girl babies for a coal-miner's wife. Mother and children are doing well.

* * *

Cannon as Alarm Clock — The Hopeh Provincial Government in China, having read of the American system whereby guests are awakened by telephone, now order reveille sounded with a cannon. Chinese are heavy sleepers.

* * *

Show-Off Rooster—John Bagileo, poultry dealer, of Jersey City, New Jersey, found a three-legged rooster in a crate of fowls destined for slaughter. The third leg extends from the joint of the rooster's left one. When last heard of he was headed for the shop window.

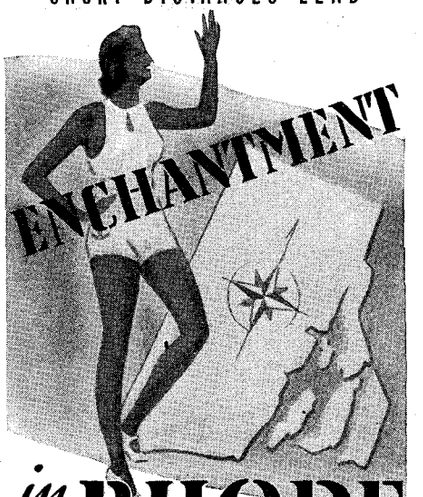
* * *

Darned Campaigning — French women campaigning last week for the right to vote threw hundreds of pairs of socks down on the heads of Senators in Parliament. Pinned to the socks were such messages as: "Even if you give us the right to vote, your socks will be darned."

* * *

Two-Cent Breakfasts—As a result of a year-long price war between cafeterias and drug stores with food counters, druggists of St. Petersburg, Florida, last week were offering breakfasts of one egg, two strips of bacon, grits, buttered toast and coffee for two cents with seven-course dinners for twenty-five cents.

SHORT DISTANCES LEND



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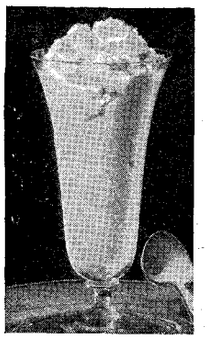

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Social Service

SPIRITUAL DRIVE: Oxford Group Practises a Religion of Quiet and Happiness

Her glistening teeth flashing through a contagious smile, a Park Avenue debutante, Miss Elizabeth Morris, stood in the early summer sunshine of the Berkshires and preached with the fervor of a Wesley the doctrine that had turned her from the cocktail-drinking path of New York society to the religion that she believed could save the world.

In the audience of 2,000, intently listening to her voice, were mixed sturdy New Englanders, drawn by advance publicity, and many a distinguished visitor who traveled thousands of miles to the little village of Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

Their binding interest was a belief in a simple solution of the problems of life propounded by the Rev. Frank Nathan Daniels Buchman, bald, well-nourished, middle-aged bachelor, who beams on the world through gold-rimmed spectacles.

This Lutheran, son of a Pennsylvania Dutch distillery family, evolved his philosophy during his work as a Y.M.C.A. secretary and as a missionary in the Orient. The procedure is simple: just remain perfectly quiet at any time and direct orders will come from God, as from a powerful sending-station.

Followers Gather—As Doctor Buchman taught the principle of receiving "God's guidance" in Princeton, Yale, Harvard and the British universities, he gradually built up around himself an organization of people who declared their lives had been "changed" by his doctrine.

The groups found pleasure in meeting in an unconventional way. To get away from the feeling of formal religion, they call their sessions "house-parties," that may be held in homes, hotels or in the open air. They are happy occasions, with many invited guests. Hospitality abounds. Laughter tinkles. But back of it all is one thought—lives must be "changed." The same idea held sway at the great national gathering in New England.

When the "change" comes, the second great precept of the movement comes into action—"sharing." The converted man or woman discloses the experiences of his past life that have been lazy, useless or sinful.

Chief attraction for news-reel photographers was brown-eyed Lord Addington, who temporarily deserted his seat in the British Parliament to hurry to Stockbridge. He clipped out his belief that only through the spiritual revolution of the Oxford Group movement could the world save itself from a devastating war.

Reformed General—Also from England came Brigadier General Charles Ruppert Peter Winser, heavy, crippled farmer-sportsman and soldier. His big, brown face reflected the life he had lived. Stumping about on an aluminum peg which replaced the right leg he lost in a horse-training accident, he told of his former agnostic views: He used to curse continually at his jockeys and handlers.

Then his wife introduced him to Buchman's teachings. The burly general saw a great light and began to take an interest in Christ's teachings. A few months later,

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his uncursed stable-boys decided the change was permanent.

In connection with Catholicism, Oxford Group speakers point invariably to Baroness de Watteville-Berckheim. Aristocratic to the last hair in her smartly-bobbed silvery head, the Baroness made perhaps the greatest impression at Stockbridge.

She appeared as every American woman over forty wants to look—thin, fashionably-dressed, with classic profile and beautiful teeth. With her smart white straw Paris hat shining against the background of flags of every nation, the Baroness told of receiving the Buchman inspiration from a German priest. It broke down barriers she thought could never be blasted. A native of Alsace, for instance, she now loves the whole German race.

The apparent paradoxes of the movement interest P. W. Wilson, writing in the New York *Times:* "It is grave yet gay. It is fervent. Yet it seems sometimes to be frivolous. It tells what it holds to be the truth. Yet it adds the trivial."

Criticism Faced—As an example, the undergraduate paper at Oxford attacked the groupers in 1928, calling the movement a "perverted religious mania" in which there was a "hovering between giggles and fanaticism."

On the other hand, the groupers produce Dr. Foss Westcott, Anglican Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India, who is convinced that the "world's leaders will neglect it at their peril."

And to such a famous man's words of praise are added those of the man in Stockbridge who told a reporter that he attended a house-party in Cleveland after his last cent had been spent. The first man he saw slipped a $50 bill into his hand.

Such incidents as this are the nearest approach to financial considerations apparent in the Oxford Group. There are no collections at the meetings, and no pamphlets sold. Yet the leaders travel on luxury liners first class and stay at the best hotels. Their explanation: "God provides."

With their first national "house-party" history, the groupers plan to push on. At a "house-party" in New York's refurbished old Metropolitan Opera House they will next sound their slogan "America Awake."

In Sweden, Norway, Denmark and England, they have scored great successes, with 15,000 at single meetings. They are now out to "change" all America, with God guiding them to the gathering places.

WAR ON ALCOHOL:

W. C. T. U. Converges on Oklahoma as Vote on Liquor Nears

On July 28, Oklahoma oil-derrick men, cow-punchers, business men, housewives and Ozark moonshiners will go to the polls to decide whether the Sooner State will become the forty-third to go wet since Federal repeal in 1933.

In a convention hall of dusty Tulsa, Oklahoma, therefore, 2,000 serious-faced women of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union are marshaling their forces on June 12 in their sixty-second annual convention. They consider the Oklahoma balloting, in the midst of a Presidential campaign, the most important test of their strength since repeal.

As the publicity high light of the campaign, they persuaded Amelia Earhart, noted aviatrix, to climb into the cockpit of her low-winged monoplane and take off into the slanting rays of a Los Angeles sunrise on June 14. She will land 1,300 miles eastward in Tulsa to address the delegates on "Adventures in Flying." Miss Earhart is not a member of the organization, but she is a total abstainer.

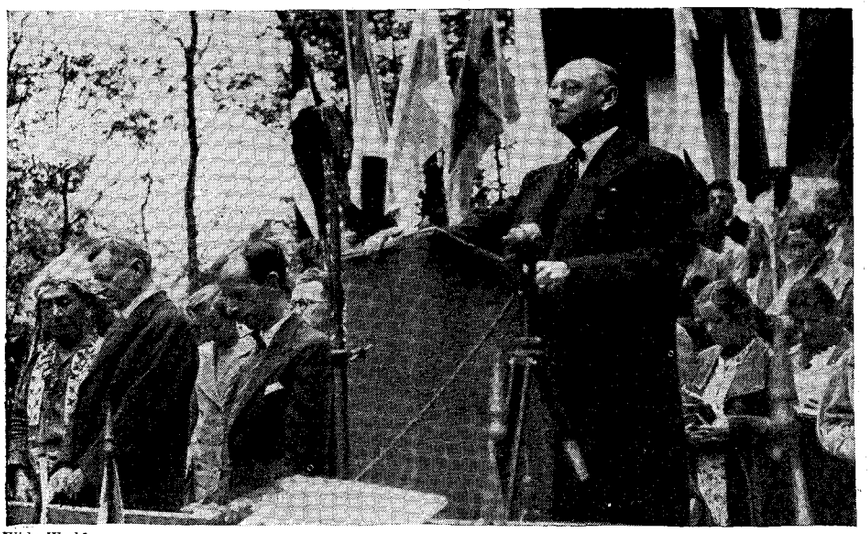
Crusading Leader—Mrs. Ida B. Wise Smith, President of the W. C. T. U. and a former school-teacher and Church of Christ minister, presides over the delegates representing 350,000 members. Forty-five years ago Mrs. Smith read in a newspaper that Chicago saloon-keepers were inviting children into adjoining rooms and treating them with a mixture of whisky and lemonade. Promptly she turned her vivid blue eyes (which she accentuates by wearing blue dresses) to temperance problems.

That was in 1891. Since then, the tone of the W. C. T. U. attack on Demon Rum has changed very little.

The $1 per year contributed by each member goes partly for thousands of campaign leaflets. A few excerpts from current ones:

"Alcohol is a habit-forming racial poisoning. The more you drink, the more you want, and the more you drink the more likely it is that your children will be handicapped for life.

"The point is not—what the law allows or does not allow. The point is not—who wants to drink or who doesn't. The point *is* that ALCOHOL IS A POISON.



Wide World

The Rev. Frank Nathan Daniels Buchman: "Sharing" begins, after the "change"

Wide World

Mrs. Ida B. Wise Smith . . . turned her eyes to temperance problems forty-five years ago

"Do YOU want any proportion of 36,000,000 young people to STAGGER through life because they have become recruits of the drink habit?"

* * *

Mrs. Lillian Hurlburt Gist, of Cedar Falls, Iowa, received a Doctor of Letters degree from MacMurry College for Women in Jacksonville, Florida, last week.

The eighty-one-year-old grandmother began post-graduate work two years ago, at seventy-nine, after rearing eleven children.

* * *

Eight tiny graduates—all under six years of age—donned caps and gowns to receive their diplomas from the Cathedral Kindergarten in Baltimore, Maryland. To the music of an orchestra of twenty-eight tots, led by Billy Levy, three, the academic procession filed slowly into the auditorium. Solemnly watching from the audience in anticipation of the same honors that are to come to them were twenty undergraduates, three and four years old.

* * *

Atlantic City, New Jersey, feels it knows more about the administration of relief than the State does. Under Trenton's direction, 3,105 cases cost $80,000 a month. Then the City took over. Cases dropped to 1,700, and cost to $40,000.

* * *

Farm women in the United States set up roadside stands, take tourists into their homes, and think up clever ideas to bring cash into their needy households. On the other side of the Atlantic, the rural mothers give up more easily. This is the opinion of Mrs. Alfred Watt, of England, President of the Associated Country Women of the World, globe traveler for the past six years.

* * *

Two boys in their 'teens who deserted school for a more care-free life, returned to their homes last week. Nicholas Verady, Jr., sixteen, ran away from his New York City home because his schoolmates teased him about his stuttering. He roved for eighteen months; then a hobo friend told his parents of his whereabouts in New Jersey.

William Webster Theile, fifteen-year-old descendant of Daniel Webster, left Mamaroneck, New York, to see if he could make his way in the world. A month later he was located in Chicago, selling magazines.

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GOV. HOFFMAN AND "JERSEY JUSTICE"

Executive Gets a "Medal"; Other Hauptmann Case Echoes

Into the Chief Executive's office in the State-House, Trenton, New Jersey, last week, marched a perspiring messenger boy from Princeton with a small package and a letter for Gov. Harold G. Hoffman.

Secretaries opened the parcel in the Governor's absence. It contained a silver-plated medallion three and a half inches in diameter. On one side was inscribed: "Rainbow Room Championship, King Kong Hoffman 208 lbs. vs. Lou Wedemar 120 lbs." The reverse side bore a picture of "King Kong" grasping his adversary in his hand; above it a title: "Matter Over Mind."

Suppressing a giggle, the secretaries turned to the letter, signed by twelve Princeton undergraduates. It began by taunting the Governor on his "political achievements" and "activities in behalf of New Jersey justice," and wound up by announcing the medallion had been struck to commemorate the occasion atop a New York sky-scraper on May 18 when the Governor "knocked cold" Lou Wedemar, a Universal Service reporter on the Lindbergh case.

The day after the package came, Governor Hoffman stamped into his office and scowled at the students' gift. Indignantly he jotted down a statement in which he branded their gesture an "outburst of sophomoric—or shall I say freshmaniac—juvenility."

Official Replaced—Whereupon he promptly brushed aside this serio-comic upshot of the Lindbergh kidnaping investigations to wrestle with two more irking phases of the case. On his desk, unconfirmed by the State Senate, rested the appointment of his friend, Col. Mark O. Kimberling, Principal Keeper of the State Prison at Trenton, as Superintendent of the State Police to succeed Col. H. Norman Schwarzkopf.

Against the advice of leaders of his own political machine as well as prominent individuals and organizations throughout the State, the Governor had declined to reappoint Colonel Schwarzkopf, who organized the smart police force in 1921.

Enemies pictured Mr. Hoffman as seeking to pay off an old grudge against the popular West Pointer.

Quarreling with both evidence and witnesses dug up by the police in the earlier investigation, the Governor had climaxed his judgment of Colonel Schwarzkopf's work on the case with the taunt of the "worst-bungled police job in history."

Wide World

Col. Mark O. Kimberling, chosen by Governor Hoffman to head New Jersey's State Police

Rebuffed in the Senate by both Republicans and Democrats who hesitated at shelving Colonel Schwarzkopf for both personal and political reasons, Governor Hoffman nevertheless felt confident he would muster a majority of votes to confirm Colonel Kimberling when the Upper House reconvened June 15.

Investigator Seized—While the barrel-chested Governor was meditating upon this reverse before hurrying off to the Republican Convention in Cleveland, one of Colonel Schwarzkopf's troopers arrested Ellis H. Parker, Sr., Chief of the Burlington County detectives, in his home town of Mount Holly, outside Trenton.

Parker, who had entered the Lindbergh case at the request of Governor Hoffman, after Hauptmann's conviction, was indicted in Brooklyn, New York, in the kidnaping of Paul H. Wendel, Jr., disbarred Trenton lawyer.

Wendel's "confession" that he had kidnaped the Lindbergh baby, which he afterward repudiated, won Hauptmann a three-day reprieve. Wendel said he himself had been kidnaped in Manhattan on February 14 and taken by four men to a house in Brooklyn where the confession was forced.

A previous indictment named Parker's son, now a fugitive from justice, as well as Harry Bleefield, a retired cotton goods broker, since dead, in whose home the alleged incident took place; Harry Weiss, a Brooklyn taxicab driver; and Martin Schlossmann, his brother-in-law.

Parker, Sr., dubbed the "Jersey Hawkshaw" for his many crime case successes, said he would fight extradition to Brooklyn.

"As Mr. Hoffman completes his sorry record in the Hauptmann case," said the Newark *Evening News* (Ind.), "he demonstrates again his incapacity to exercise temperately and judiciously the power of his high office. . . . It is plain to all that Mr. Hoffman has not profited by the rebuke administered to him by his own Party in the primary two weeks ago, a rebuke such as no New Jersey Governor ever suffered."

The Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* (Ind.-Dem.) declared: "It will be hoped that the friends of Colonel Schwarzkopf will hold their ground and make it impossible for the Governor to vent his spite on a public official who has given such distinguished service in his fifteen years in office."

Wide World

To twelve Princeton undergraduates, a fitting award for Gov. Harold Hoffman; to the Governor, "an outburst of sophomoric—or shall I say—freshmaniac juvenility"

TUNNEY TRAP: Ex-Champion Training for Battle in Court Over "Stop" Sign in Connecticut Town

A small car eased noiselessly onto the main highway from a trunk-road in Woodbury, Connecticut, one day last week, half negotiating a right turn without stopping. There was no traffic-light, but, set back from the roadway, unobserved by the driver, stood a "Stop" sign.

Piped to an abrupt halt by the shrill blast of a whistle, the driver poked his chubby, blond head out at a rural constable walking toward him.

"You're under arrest for rounding that turn without stopping," the constable snapped.

"I know it's tough, but I gotta give you a ticket. What's the name?"

"James J. Tunney," the indignant motorist responded.

"Major Tunney?" the country policeman gasped. "Well, I guess we can forget this."

"Not by a darned sight!" said the former heavy-weight champion. "This is a cheap speed-trap, and we're going to see about it."

Because Gene Tunney has been an active crusader in the Connecticut Motor Vehicle Commission's campaign against reckless driving, in addition to being a member of the New England Society, which seeks to stimulate travel, New York newspapers sent staff correspondents north to interview him.

Army Game—"It's an old game," he told a New York *Herald Tribune* man. "It's the old Army game. A rural constable stands at some obscure crossing and gives tickets by the score for the most trivial violations. He has witnesses with him, and at the end of the day the witnesses, the constable, and the justice of the peace divide up the fines.

"I understand the racket exists in at least two small towns in the State, and I am going through with the case in an attempt to eliminate this foul thing."

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Sport and Sportsmen

POLO: IT'S BRITISH, EVEN IF CUP IS NOT

Eyes of Empire on Hurlingham Contest With American Team

The pre-War crowd of elegant Britons gracing London's swanky Hurlingham Club was silent with wonder. Well-bred eyebrows arched in cultured astonishment, monocles dropped in amazement.

A miracle, that's what it was, a jolly miracle. Dash it all, these mad Yankees learned polo in England. And here they were, galloping about like drunken centaurs, fairly demolishing the ball, don't you know?—passing it recklessly back and forth as if they were playing their own barbaric baseball.

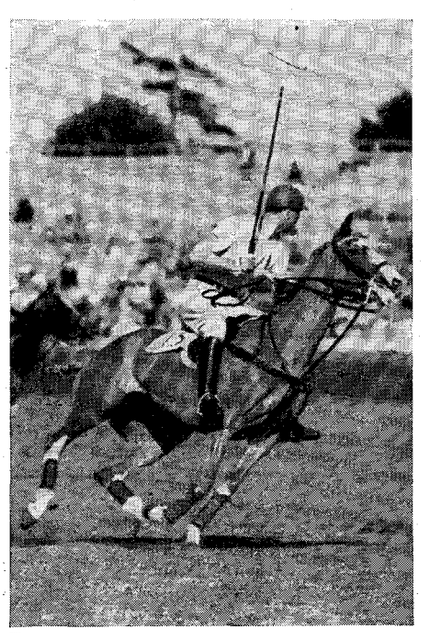
Worst of all, hang it, they were actually beating Britain's best poloists with these wild Indian tactics. A bit thick, what?

Great Britain's ivy-clad sporting tradition has sustained few shocks more stunning than the unexpected victory of America's "Big Four" in the 1909 International polo matches. Fancy being defeated, two straight, at the very game for whose high perfection the British Empire was world-famous. Preposterous!

New Complacency—If America wins again in the International challenge matches that start this week at the same fashionable Hurlingham Polo Club, Britons will be far less astounded than they were twenty-seven years ago. For in the seven matches played since 1909, Great Britain has won the Westchester Cup only once. In the last four matches it has failed to win even one of the eight games.

Heavy slaughter of ponies in the World War, troubles in Ireland, the virtual elimination of breeding-farms, and the corresponding increase in the cost of playing the game—all have contributed to the decline of British polo in the past twenty years.

But in the 3,000-year-old history of this most ancient of all stick-and-ball games, the British Empire has played by far the most important part. Originated by the ancient Persians, polo spread to Constantinople and Turkestan and eventually to Tibet, where it lingered long enough to acquire a name from Tibetan *pulu*, meaning "a ball."



Keystone

Polo: Wild Indian tactics beat the British

Period of Oblivion—Finally the game reached India, flourished there during the sixteenth century, then dropped out of sight for 200 years. When Major General Sherar reintroduced polo to India in 1863, overbored British Army officers and overmoneyed native maharajahs pounded enthusiastically at his heels.

Modern polo really started developing when the Tenth Hussars swaggered home to England with the game in 1869. By 1882 teams had been cut down from eight to four players, rules had been drawn, and the Hurlingham Polo Club was a magnet for London's elect sporting gentry.

Visiting Americans were no little impressed by the swank and glamour of this new and thrilling game. In 1876 James Gordon Bennett, the publisher, brought polo to the United States. Large playing-fields were scarce, so the first New York City matches were played indoors.

After ten years of outdoor galloping and whacking, the American pioneers decided they had developed a pretty fair brand of polo. Why wait longer? They challenged Britain for the "world's championship."

The scene: Newport, Rhode Island's smart Westchester Club. The prize: a cup presented by William Waldorf Astor. The winner: Britain, by 10-4 and 14-2.

Britain won again in 1902 at Hurlingham. But seven years later one of the world's most brilliant polo teams, the combination of Monty and Larry Waterbury, Harry Payne Whitney and Devereux Milburn gave occasion for the now-celebrated eyebrow-arching and monocle-dropping.

Rule of Alternating—Under original rules, matches were played in the country of the team holding the Cup. But America latterly developed a chronic winning habit that threatened to make Long Island's Meadowbrook Club the permanent home of British-American International polo.

Beginning with this month's matches, the first since 1930, games will alternate between the two countries.

One purpose is to divide the expense and risk involved in shipping ponies.

During the nine-day transatlantic voyage, each pony has a private box-stall and access to a public exercise-space. Cost of shipping: $100 each way.

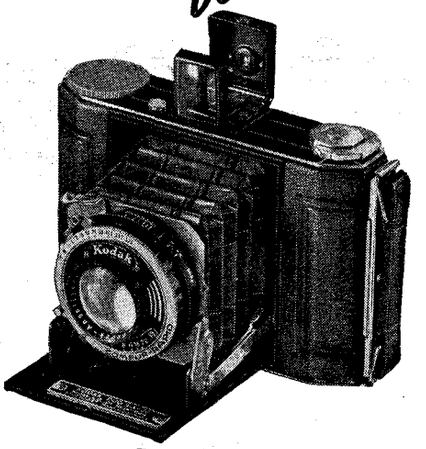
Even thoroughbred horses get seasick on an ocean voyage. To give them ample time to recover land legs and appetites, America's forty-six ponies, appraised at $3,000 apiece, were sent abroad last February.

In England, twelve American grooms and as many British "strappers," or assistant grooms, lavished from $3 to $5 worth of attention on each pony every day.

To poloists such expensive solicitude for their ponies' health and happiness is no useless extravagance. Most players admit that at least 60 per cent. of a team's strength depends upon the horses.

To develop that 60 per cent., players have spent on a single mount as much as $22,000, the price paid for Jupiter, an

Doubly effective



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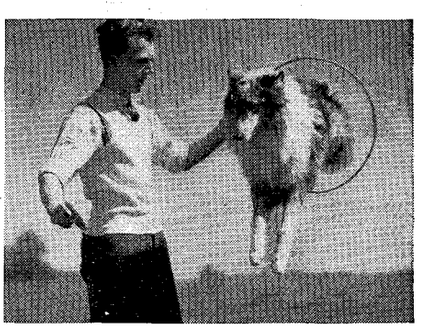

ACTUAL SIZE

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Argentine pony. But Gay Boy, regarded as the nonpareil of polo mounts, was foaled by a Texas cow pony valued at $35.

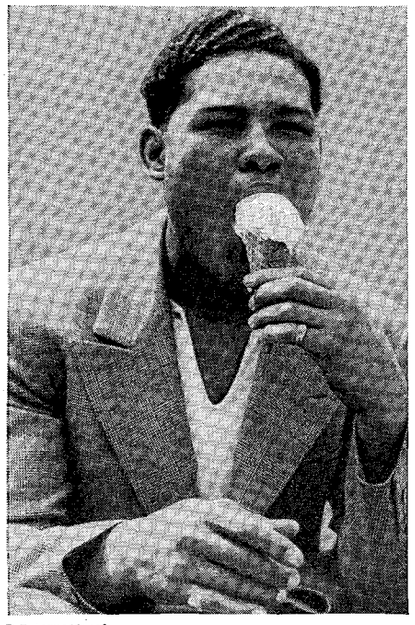
For the other 40 per cent., the players, many a Briton's interest in this year's effort to take the Westchester Cup away from America will focus upon a man from whose country England borrowed the game of polo: Rao Raja Hanut Singh, the first native Indian ever named to a British International team.

DUSKY METEOR: Joe Louis of the Dead Pan, Marvel of the Prize-Ring

"Good? Say, he's got everything—everything! He's the greatest heavy-weight since John L. Sullivan!"

"Yeah? Who did he ever fight? How do you know he can take it from a guy that knows how to hit?"

"Take it? Say, a fighter that dishes it



© International

Training: an ice-cream cone for Joe Louis . . .

out the way he does'll never have to take it!"

In a thousand cities and tank towns, north, east, south and west, the discussion goes on. Most of the loudest panegyrists have never seen the man they praise.

Yet somehow they know Joe Louis is the best heavy-weight boxer ever produced. And they'll feel sorry for you as they bet that by autumn Joe Louis will be world's champion.

The meteoric career of the diffident, unsmiling *café au lait* youth who meets Max Schmeling in New York's Yankee Stadium next Thursday for a crack at James J. Braddock's championship next fall, is a marvel in sporting history.

Three years ago Joseph Louis Barrow was a laborer in Henry Ford's Detroit factory, working hard for his $25 a week, finding recreation in enormous quantities of ice-cream cones, prodigious amounts of sleep, and occasional amateur boxing.

Last year the twenty-one-year-old Negro's professional fighting inspired more than 250,000 people to pay nearly $2,000,000 to see him win fourteen straight fights, all but two by knock-outs. Purses for the fights totaled more than $350,000.

Along with crowds and money, the shuffling, ex-Alabama pickaninny attracted more press "raves" than any other non-champion in history.

No longer was Joseph Louis Barrow a quiet, none-too-intellectual Negro "jus' tryin' to git along." He was Joe Louis the Brown Embalmer, the Detroit Destroyer, the Tan Thunderbolt, the Dark Angel.

But even the most sneering critic of this high-pressure ballyhoo had to admit Louis was a near-perfect fighting machine. He handled his magnificently-proportioned body with the easy grace of a panther. And he could punch with stunning speed.

Unchanging Mask—Probably the most important asset of this kinky-haired, thick-lipped "Embalmer" was the cool, expressionless manner in which he fought.

"Joe Louis has one facial expression," wrote Dan Parker, New York sports writer. "He uses this expression when he wishes to register amazement, scorn, pain, anger, joy, revenge, skepticism, satisfaction or disappointment."

As Edward Van Every points out in his biography of Louis, that "dead pan" has been a potent box-office factor. In eighty amateur and professional fights Louis has scored sixty-five knock-outs, innumerable knock-downs. Yet never has he aroused revulsion at seeing him tower over a fallen white man.

Opponents Unnerved—More important has been the effect of Louis's "poker face" on opponents. King Levinsky and Max Baer, the former champion, were virtually beaten before a blow was struck.

Like every skilled athlete, Louis has been trained to conserve energy. The effect is an appearance of laziness almost as demoralizing to opponents as his inability to express emotion.

"He gives you the impression of a big, sleepy brown cat as he shuffles slowly out of his corner at the bell," writes Damon Runyon in his syndicated column. "But the instant he puts up his hands you see that this is an artist. The loose hanging arms suddenly become snaky, and the lazy legs are suddenly like steel springs."

Start of Career—Louis is a "natural" fighter. But he became the current heavy-weight sensation through the efforts of three Negroes who realized his possibilities when he was still an amateur.

John Roxborough, backer of Detroit amateur athletics, "discovered" Louis in 1933. He interested Julian Black, a Chicago business man, in the young fighter. They hired Jack Blackburn, lightweight, as trainer.

Blackburn was instantly successful in building up Louis for a professional career, which started July 4, 1934, with a one-round knock-out of Jack Kracken in Chicago for a purse of $59. Shrewdly, Roxborough and Black arranged matches for their protégé. Unlike almost every other professional fighter, Louis has never fought in a preliminary bout—always in the main event.

Eight months later, in March, 1935, the three men felt Louis was ready for the "big time," that he could "lick any man in the world." They set about finding a way of making others realize it.

At the expense of Mike Jacobs, New York boxing promoter, a group of reporters went to Detroit to see for themselves. Louis failed to knock his opponent, Natie Brown, cold, as they had expected. But in winning the decision he convinced them he was the "coming heavyweight champion."

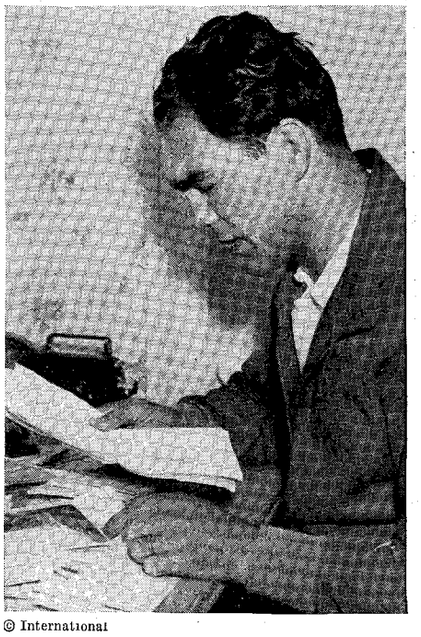
In his next ten bouts the newly-named Brown Bomber scored ten knock-outs, two of them over former world's champions, Primo Carnera and Max Baer. Only two men, Carnera and Roscoe Toles, stayed six rounds. Two others, King Levinsky and Charlie Retzlaff, failed to last even one.

The build-up was complete. The logical next step was a crack at the world's championship.

Last year Max Schmeling, 1930 champion, was recognized as the logical contender for the heavy-weight championship which Max Baer presently, and unexpectedly, lost to the ex-dock-hand, James J. Braddock.

To eliminate any doubts as to Louis's claim, as well as to provide one last big money-maker before the title match in the fall, Schmeling and Louis will box fifteen rounds, or less, in the huge Yankee Stadium next Thursday night.

Promoters of the fight, the Twentieth Century Sporting Club, have worked



© International

. . . and fan mail for Max Schmeling

valiantly to eradicate the popular impression that Schmeling will be a push-over for Louis.

Schmeling, they maintain, is a rugged, punching heavy-weight who will carry the fight to Louis, instead of waiting for the colored man to attack. That he is under-favored in the betting means nothing. Braddock and Gene Tunney and Jess Willard and many others won against the odds.

As for the money involved, Schmeling, the promoters say, has plenty. Since his first boxing invasion of America in 1928 the German fighter has earned well over $1,000,000.

"I fight for something more than money," Schmeling told reporters. "I want to get back as champion."

But to the Harlem-tailored, gold-toothed, dark-hued gentry who have been consuming hot dogs, buying Joe Louis souvenirs, and admiring their idol at his training quarters in Lakewood, New Jersey, that "if" is never going to happen. If, by chance, it should, there won't be a dime left in all of Harlem.

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Finance and Industry

HEAVY U. S. LOAN ON EVE OF BONUS

Government and Business Offer Differing Interpretations

"Money talks louder than anything!"

Last week, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury, grinned at reactionary inflation cries and commented on the "great success"—(twenty-four-hour, seven-time oversubscription)—of the June 15 government securities offering totaling $2,050,754,400.

So, turning the traditional Old Guard philosophy back mostly upon the Old Guard, the forty-five-year-old Administration *Midas* commented: "I think there is a decided improvement in the minds of the investing public. They have decided they want bonds . . . are no longer fearful of inflation."

Old Guard financiers bluntly fumed that there was no improvement, that the investing public had simply gone plain loco.

The very financial world which gobbled up the largest security peace-time offering in history—because, said most, "we had to"—growled over this latest boost bringing the national debt up to, the Baltimore *Sun* says, $34,600,000,000. More lenient estimates give a minimum debt of two billion less, which just doubles the lowest post-War debt.

Preparing for Bonus—Reason for the new issues lies in the Soldiers' bonus, and in maturing government notes amounting to $1,050,754,400. One billion dollars was needed to bring the Treasury "working-capital" up to meet expected cashing of Bonus Bonds. The remainder was needed for the refunding of the maturing notes.

Administration proponents were gleeful over the rapid subscription for the securities (the large oversubscription was anticipated). It was loudly proclaimed this showed the public's belief that no further inflation was at hand.

Old Guard first-liners looked dour and growled that the rapid subscription showed the country was glutted with money lying idle because business was fearful of bringing out new securities. And, there being no gold available to the public, currency is worth only its dollar-face-value and not gold-value in event of further inflation. Old Guarders added bitterly, it was better to have money earning low interest than no interest at all.

The Treasury announced later in the week that 93 per cent. of the holders of old securities maturing June 15 and August 1 had already exchanged their maturing securities for the new securities offered. The reduction of interest rate on the new securities was boomed in Administration circles and booed in Wall Street.

Bankers' Explanation—From the Wall Street standpoint, cheap money is good for the Government, but shows an unhealthy business condition. Financiers were not glad to see the Government borrow new money at 2¾ per cent. on $600,000,000 fifteen-eighteen year maturity bonds, nor to see the unprecedented low interest rate of 1⅜ per cent. on Treasury five-year notes amounting to $400,000,000.

However, the refinancing of 1½ and 3¼ per cent. outstanding bonds at the low rate was grudgingly admitted as "smart government business" even by the most rabid Old Guards.

Press Comment—To *The Wall Street Journal*: "The success of the government financing . . . tells us only that . . . a great reservoir of capital is still unwilling to flow into the channels of enterprise it eagerly sought and . . . accepts the comparative security of a Government dole."

B. C. Forbes in *Forbes Magazine* commented: ". . . the Government is the only important bidder for rentable funds. Consequently, the Treasury has experienced no difficulty in borrowing one more billion dollars to add to the Federal debt. . . ."

Underwood

Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau: He was pleased by the public's acceptance of new financing

PAPER BARTER: "Yes, We Have No Harmonicas," Standard Oil Phone Girls Tell Customers

Telephone operators at switchboards in a Radio City office, New York, worked a lot faster than usual one day last week. It seemed as if half the calls were from people who wanted to buy harmonicas from the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

Monotonously they answered:

"I'm sorry, but we don't really have any harmonicas."

If the questioners persisted, they were switched to officials of the company, who explained that it all began with a newspaper article on the stockholders' meeting, at which President Walter C. Teagle had explained some of the problems in foreign trade of the company by telling how the company had traded oil for mouth-organs—"enough to give two to every boy in the country," he guessed. A reporter figured out that this meant Standard Oil owned 40,000,000 harmonicas they didn't know what to do with.

"It's just a routine way of being paid for oil," the Company explained. "Once

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we took some ships in trade for oil. We've taken other products, too, but, instead of using them, or selling them in America, we just use them to pay some importer of German goods into America what he is owed here. He sells the harmonicas, or whatever, for American money and we get the cash. We don't even see the product used in the exchange—it's just a paper barter."

Seeds for Oil—Once the Standard Oil Company took seeds in return for oil, but didn't go into the seed business.

The United Fruit Company, sending bananas to Germany, will get paid for part of them with German-built banana-ships.

Exporters to Germany send a lot of cables to find companies exporting goods from Germany, for they have to make deals to trade cotton for cameras or Argentine beef for Christmas-tree ornaments, and, then, find other companies that will take the products and sell them in the usual way.

The German-American Board of Trade and the Export Divisions of many large banks are constantly helping to effect deals between importers and exporters so that German products can be traded for raw materials or manufactured articles from the United States, Britain, Holland, Switzerland, and South American countries.

In case a firm sending, say, wheat, to Germany does not want to wait until a barter agreement can be made, they may take registered marks immediately, and, later, apply them to the purchase price of German lenses, or thumb-tacks, or whatever is exported from that country.

Trade Insurance—Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, Minister of Finance and President of the Reichsbank, evolved this plan of controlling German trade without keeping up very much foreign monetary exchange so that iron-hard pressure could be used to make sure that Germany does not import more goods than she sends to foreign countries. Thus he insures a favorable trade balance.

Freighters flying the swastika flag have been lighter in the last three years, but every time they unload a cargo of toys, or chinaware, or cameras, in the United States, their captains have been fairly sure that the return trip would mean even less cargo carried.

And his crates marked "Made in Germany" might be paid for by a deal on paper in Berlin and the loading of another freighter in Rio de Janeiro with coffee.

TAX HEADACHES: While Congress Recesses Committee Struggles With Knotty Problems

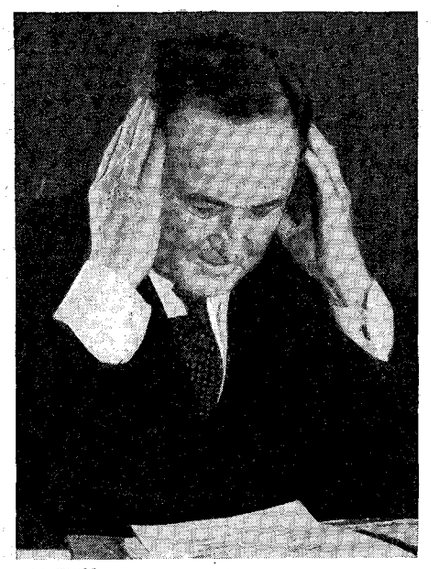
Last week, Senator Pat Harrison's sinus was the final blow to an early adjournment of Congress.

The Democratic Chairman of the Finance Committee went to bed with an acute headache.

Administration financial advisers, the Senate Finance Committee, the National Association of Manufacturers, the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, and Treasury officials had worse headaches, but could not go to bed.

The Senate passed its amended tax bill 38 to 24. All Republicans present—except Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska—voted against the bill.

Paradoxically, the tax bill was a "must" order, but the bill passed was that of the minority opposition.



Wide World

Senator Robinson: Taxes are troublesome

Three months ago, Herman Oliphant, Treasury counsel, fathered an Administration tax bill which the President turned over to House leaders. The President asked for $793,000,000 annually for the first three years and $620,000,000 permanently thereafter. This money is needed for the prepayment of the Veterans' Bonus and to compensate for revenues lost through the nullification of the AAA processing tax.

Knowing the Senate would rehash its bill in any event, the House rushed through a measure proposing a raid upon corporate undivided profits ranging up to 42½ per cent.

This bill promised $803,000,000 for the first year of operation and $623,000,000 annually thereafter.

Trouble Starts—Table-pounding and riproaring mad, Senator Pat Harrison tried to pilot through a bill adhering to the President's wishes. Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia headed conservative Democrats in committee to join with Republican oppositionists. The proposed tax, they shouted, would make thrift a sin and destroy small business by gobbling up reserves.

The opposition scored a knockout, producing an amended bill that merely nudged up corporation levies a notch. In the Treasury, the air was blue. Oliphant raced by guards, dropping dignity in his rush to the White House.

The President called in Democratic members of the Finance Committee. After three hours of hot wrangling, they packed off with strict orders to bring the bill back to the original idea of soaking undivided corporate profits.

Next day the Committee went into a dog-fight.

But flushed with their first victory when they had flatly turned down the undistributed corporate profits tax, conservatives fought the new complete measure, offering an alternate shadow to the Administration's lusty child.

Pat Harrison's voice roared and his large red fists pounded the long mahogany committee table. Playing his ace, he threatened to take the whole matter onto the Senate floor. He won an agreement, but the opposition steam-rollered its emasculated version of the bill. Then it stalled for time.

A deft bit of "diplomacy" then delayed matters, the delay being attributed to a desire to show the bill to the President before presentation to the Senate. Counsel Oliphant's vicinity in the Treasury turned black when he heard the news. A cloud followed him into the White House a second time.

The Administration's adroit, rampant friend, Pat Harrison, had gone down with sinus trouble, leaving the piloting of the bill up to his lieutenant King. King did not have his chief's fiery nature, and failed to speed up sincere intention to report the bill to the Senate.

With further delay impending, Vice President Garner stalked over to the committee room. Glowering, he called out Senators Bailey and Connally. He spoke sharply: Get out any kind of a bill; leave it up to the conference—was the gist of his impatient instructions, as reported by Capitol observers.

Shortly after, the Committee reported out a compromise bill.

This provided $829,000,000 for the first year and $669,000,000 annually thereafter Beyond "normal" taxes, it steps up individual surtaxes one per cent in each surtax bracket between $6,000 and $50,000 individual income and attempts to recoup 80 per cent of the "windfall" profits represented in formerly impounded agricultural processing taxes.

In addition to the flat 7 per cent. tax on undistributed profits, the bill hikes existent graded levies on corporate income from 12½ to 15 per cent. classes to 15½ to 18 per cent.

The following table combines the two taxes, showing the percentage of taxable income captured by the Government.

Corporation With Net Income of $40,000—Showing That Withholding of Dividends Increases Taxes

Dividends Paid	Total Senate Tax	% of Net Income
	$8,975.20	22.4
$4,000	8,695.20	21.7
8,000	8,415.20	21.1
12,000	8,135.20	20.3
16,000	7,855.20	19.6
20,000	7,575.20	18.9
24,000	7,295.20	18.2
28,000	7,015.20	17.5
32,000	6,735.20	16.8
36,000	6,640.00	16.6
40,000	6,640.00	16.6

Sweeping attacks on the Senate floor failed to halt the bill. Maneuvering the bill with a Richelieu hand, Democratic Floor Leader Joseph T. Robinson carried it through with only minor alterations.

During Congressional recess, the Conference Committee of both branches of Congress has the knotty problem of ironing out wrinkles between the House and Senate bills. Adjournment of Congress is problematical.

While most business men favor the Senate measure, Harper Sibley, Chamber of Commerce President, declared that the Senate measure contained features "which would have destructive effects upon companies."

The National Association of Manufacturers showed fight, snapping out that, "enactment of either draft (House or Senate), would almost certainly assure another tax bill in 1937, leaving industry at least twelve more months of uncertainty as to the future."

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[redacted]

June 13, 1936

(page 1)

...law was enacted to ... aliens in business in ... as violating Article 16 of ...stitution, which reads: "Todos ... y extranjeros son iguales ante la le... the Panamanians and foreigners are equa... before the law.)

The Court ruled that the law was in violation of this Article of the Constitution, and set it aside as null and void.

Balboa, Canal Zone. W. H. BROWN.

Sir:—Some of your readers seem to think this country is the only one in the world in which the courts can annul the acts of the law-making body.

It ought to be obvious that in countries where there are no constitutional restrictions upon the lawmaking body, there can be no judicial review.

As a matter of fact there are twelve countries besides ours that do have such constitutional restrictions with consequent power of the courts to annul.

St. Paul, Minnesota. H. O. SKINNER.

De la Rocque

Sir:—In a recent number an article on French politics reproduced statements in which Colonel de la Rocque, head of the "Croix de Feu" movement, was alluded to as a Fascist.

I take the liberty of sending you the enclosed cutting from the New York *Herald Tribune* (Paris Edition).

Paris, France. CERETA DE DIESBACH.

[The clipping reads: "Col. François de la Rocque, head of the Croix de Feu movement, in an interview published yesterday in *L'Intransigeant*, gave public assurance that his group does not seek a dictatorship in France, because he 'does not consider that a dictatorship corresponds to the spirit of our country.'"]

Anthropology

Sir:—"The Melting Pot" in a recent issue seems more than absurd. It is not my business, nor yours, to criticize Commissions of the United States Senate, but does it not seem strange that an American governmental body, interested in securing information for the American people and "its Government" should appoint a man of foreign extraction and of Hebraic antecedents to investigate the "amalgamation of races"?

The proper study of races is ethnology and not anthropology. A student of the latter, after all, is only a sociologist of primitive groups, and sociology is far from being an exact science. Amalgamation in terms of human intermixing can be measured only after the study of generations of biologic intermixture. Expert ethnologists and biologists have a far different story of the races than have the conflicting anthropologists of various rival nations, States and races in contemporary times.

New York. R. L. WIGGAM.

[Prof. Franz Boas is indeed of foreign extraction and Jewish descent. He has been in the United States, however, since 1889, and is a naturalized American. He is one of the world's foremost ethnologists and an anthropologist. Ethnology is a branch of the science of anthropology. Scientists have differed with Boas from time to time on his interpretations, but seldom have challenged the accuracy or thoroughness of his observations.—*Editor.*]

HOT POTATO WAITING TO BE PICKED UP

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Candid Critic

Sir:—Perhaps you will print this letter as the candid opinions of a Scottish schoolboy.

Let me begin by saying that the only things I admire in your paper are the car advertisements. Some of your views on world politics seem quite sound, many are obviously written by men quite out of touch with Europe, and engrossed in your own American politics.

May I also suggest that you explain in some future issue what is the meaning of "G.O.P." and what is represented by the figures of an elephant and an ass in cartoons.

My third point is that you should give up the idea that the American nation comes first and the other nations nowhere.

Finally, THE LITERARY DIGEST is contaminated by journalese. I come across such a phrase as "This question has not yet been hippodromed" and my opinion of American journalism sinks considerably. I do not object to your spelling (altho we consider it misspelling) but I can't stand for such a sickening sentence.

But I enjoy reading parts of THE LITERARY DIGEST and if I am not particularly interested in American politics, that's not my fault, for I had the good luck to be born a Scotchman.

MURDOCK MACLENNAN.

Dunfermline, Scotland.

[The elephant and the donkey are symbols employed by cartoonists and others to represent the Republican and Democratic Parties, respectively. G.O.P. are the initials of the "Grand Old Party" (Republican).—*Editor*]

Beg Pardon

Sir:—Pardon me for sending in a rectification re Father Paul Schulte, etc., in your May 30 issue.

M.I.V.A. stands for three "*German*" not Latin words, namely: Missions, Verkehrs, Arbeitsgemeinschaft; Missionary Communications Association.

New Orleans. (THE REV.) B. P. HERRMANN.

Healthiest Cities

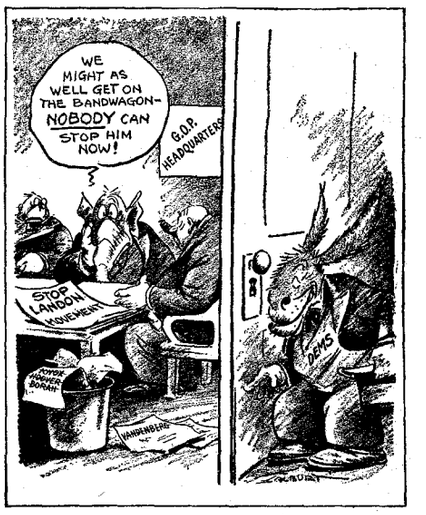
Sir:—In a recent issue you name "the country's healthiest cities for 1935." The story is misleading.

The contest was started in 1929 to induce cities and counties to improve and increase their health facilities. Credit is given for available facilities and excellent rates, but extra credits are added for those facilities which are developed during the year. It is almost an "improvement" contest.

For instance, a city with a tuberculosis mortality of 80 could get more credit, if the rate had been suddenly reduced to that point, than another city with a rate of 65 which had been maintained for several years, altho the latter is obviously the healthier on that subject.

The City of Newark, New Jersey, has won first prize plaque on two occasions, 1930 and 1934, and honorable mention every previous year. In the 1935 contest, which you quote, we were given the "Award of Honor," the highest we could possibly win, inasmuch as no city can win the plaque twice within three years. Surely it is unfair to Newark to name any other city in that contest as the healthiest. An exact parallel would be giving an Award of Honor to a champion who won a race by considerable distance and the first prize plaque to another trailing runner, and then state that the contest proved the trailer the best runner.

Newark, New Jersey. ROBERT F. MORGAN,
Principal Clerk,
Department of Health.



DID YOU SAY "NOBODY?"

—Talburt in the Washington Daily News

"Flat Voliva"

Sir:—In the article "Flat Voliva" in the May 23 issue, your reference to John Alexander Dowie reads like a fictitious Chicago newspaper story of thirty years ago. It is decidedly erroneous in many details.

Doctor Dowie was not a faith-healer. He never healed nor claimed to heal any one. But he believed and taught God as the Healer. The name "Zion City" was not "shortened to Zion in 1901," but this was done after Voliva's revolt in 1906. Why say "an ill-fated soul-saving expedition to New York" with money "lost," when he filled the largest auditorium, Madison Square Garden, and turned away thousands every night. Only God knows the results. Doctor Dowie never "resorted to receivership." He never "left his throne to Voliva," but then had and ever since has had a well-informed people who refused to be hoodwinked by Voliva.

Tucson, Arizona. D. C. HUNTLEY.

Typographical Error

Sir:—It gave me quite a thrill to find my poem "Mute" on your page of "Current Poetry."

But the name is a misprint—it should be Roberta Cox instead of Robert.

Miami, Florida. ROBERTA COX.

Corrector Corrected

Sir:—Concerning the letter of E. B. Hurlburt on "Methodist Union," he is mistaken as to the necessity for a two-thirds majority vote of the Annual Conferences of the Churches involved. He is two-thirds right and one-third in error.

The Methodist Episcopal and the Methodist Protestant Churches require a two-thirds vote. The Methodist Episcopal Church South requires a three-fourths vote.

(THE REV.) WILLIAM T. BLACKEBY.

Hollis, New York.

Slip Slips

Sir:—In your "Slips" of May 23 the following appeared:

"For Sale—Canary and Mule, both good singers.—*Washington (D. C.) paper.*

"We'll just stick to the old Victrola. Thanks."

Is your face red? "Mule" when mentioned in connection with canaries is a hybrid of a canary and either the goldfinch or the bullfinch.

They are superior to canaries as singers and are known to all bird lovers as "mules."

Detroit. RALPH E. MOWEN.

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Ad Man and Author at 22

"Took the N.I.A. course at eighteen. Today at twenty-two am Assistant Eastern Advertising Manager of The Billboard, and editor of Ad-vents. Have just sold a story to Famous Detective Cases for $185. So as an ad man and author permit me to say, 'If you want to write ad copy or fiction, try N.I.A.'"
Joseph G. Csida, Jr., 3063 Williamsbridge Road, Bronx, New York, N. Y.

Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

So many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business affairs, social matters, domestic science, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of checks for $25, $50 and $100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy-desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The *story* is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

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Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical newspaper men. Gradually they help to clarify your own *distinctive* style. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all, you can see constant progress week by week as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

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Slips That Pass in the

Mrs. J—— T——, of Mazon, has applied for a soldiers' bonus and is the only woman in Grundy county or the surrounding counties.—*Coal City (Ill.) paper.*

And now she's more popular than ever.

The Negro arrested is H—— J——, 30 years old. Twenty gallons of alcohol were in the couple he had been driving.—*Indianapolis paper.*

Leave this fellow alone. Get that pair rolling down the street.

R—— T——, aged about 50, shot and killed himself and ten-year-old son, Austin, and then set fire to their farm.—*Marshall (Mich.) paper.*

Little man, you've had a busy day.

Deaths—
F. J. W—— DIES
ONCE IN WATERBURY
—*Hartford paper*

Eight to go?

Preparatory services will be conducted tonight at the church. Communism will be observed on Sunday.—*Mt. McGregor (N. Y.) paper.*

Comes the revolution!

The annual commencement exercises of the Owaneco High School will be held at 7:45 o'clock Thursday night in the school gymnasium, as was erroneously stated in Tuesday's issue.—*Taylorville (Ill.) paper.*

The power of the press.

Bargain
Quick sale, $28 Essex, good condition, $55.
—*Anaheim (Cal.) paper.*

We always lose our head at bargain sales, but we think we can see through this one.

For Rent—
FLAT—Consisting of bathtub and boiler.
Niagara Falls paper.

Well, all right, but which do we sleep in and where do we eat?

So that was really the father of this baby! No use denying. Whom else would a man leave money secretly through his brother in a sealed envelope?—*New York magazine.*

Him who you accuse is innocent, madam.

Restitution—
RECITAL TO BENEFIT
TOMADO VICTIMS
—*Wash. (D. C.) paper.*

The sorry result of amateur night.

The district attorney refused to say whether the woman sought is Mrs. S——, wife of one of the indicted men in custody and husband of Harry B——, another.—*New York paper.*

Well, it isn't the kind of thing you like all the world to know.

The meeting will have the atmosphere of a district rally.

The public is invited to hear Mr. T——, secure sample primary ballots which will be distributed, and participate in the deception.—*Fayette (Ohio) paper.*

So it's true what they say about politics.

This car was driven by S—— K—— of McKeesport early today when a railroad train struck it at the Eighth Ave. crossing in McKeesport.

Mr. —— escaped with minor injuries and shook.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) paper.*

Well, gosh, who wouldn't?

Michigan motorists are wa... cident victims at the scene until ... Until then, though, it would be conse... visit them daily.—*Canton (Ohio) paper.*

Just for the first week or so.

An atmosphere of hostility native to old houses where generations of young people and their elders have welcomed friends, pervaded the clubhouse.—*Washington (D. C.) paper.*

Sure, we know. Hot fried chicken and cold shoulder.

The former Mrs. —— had her pet Pekingese, Ah Poo, in court and through fraud and undue influence persuaded him to give her the greater proportion of his property under a trust agreement.—*Los Angeles paper.*

Poo to you, Mrs. P., taking advantage of a little feller like that.

At 32, he is only a little past his prime. He feels he has plenty of baseball left in his system. He weighs 188 pounds, exactly what he did when he was the league's leading swatsmith. Outwardly he appears in perfect physical trim, the result of daily labor on his 26-acre arm.—*Green Bay (Wis.) paper.*

The fishing editor must have written that one.

A comely and well-dressed young woman, about 25 years old, was found unconscious shortly after midnight this morning in the U—— A—— theater. She was taken to the county hospital.

Her condition was improved after her stomach had been jumped.—*Chicago paper.*

Doctor's steeplechase?

Trim in a brown suit, with frilly green blouse, sh addd:

"I gaind four pounds—wigh 98 pounds now. It was a gay trip. Bautiful wathr and fin company. No—iot t sign of romanc."—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) paper.*

Spit out that hot potato or you'll never find romance.

Roquefort Salad Dressing
1 cup Roquefort cheese
An hour of real companionship does more to insure a fine parent-child relationship than many hours of bored association.
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
—*Boston paper.*

Climb out of that salad dressing, girls, or *nobody* will associate with you.

Toodles, 10-year-old fox terrier went too near a cliff and toppled over, falling and rolling about 900 feet.

A—— called a nearby farmer who rescued the animal, the climb down and back up from the gulley requiring more than two years. But Toodles was still alive.—*Portland (Ore.) paper.*

And pretty impatient, too.

The worst story in recent Detroit history swept over the heart of the city late today, killing two persons, unroofing several buildings, uprooting trees, shattering windows and damaging hundreds of automobiles.—*Indianapolis paper.*

Ah, come on, tell us. We haven't heard a good one in months.

While cruising between here and the Wenatchee river bridge Saturday night Sheriff C—— saw the car ahead of him leave the road and tumble down the grade into a pear orchard. He was traveling about 20 yards behind the other machine. As he reached the car, resting on its side, he saw a car coming out the door —*Wenatchee (Wash.) paper.*

Sheriff, you need a vacation.

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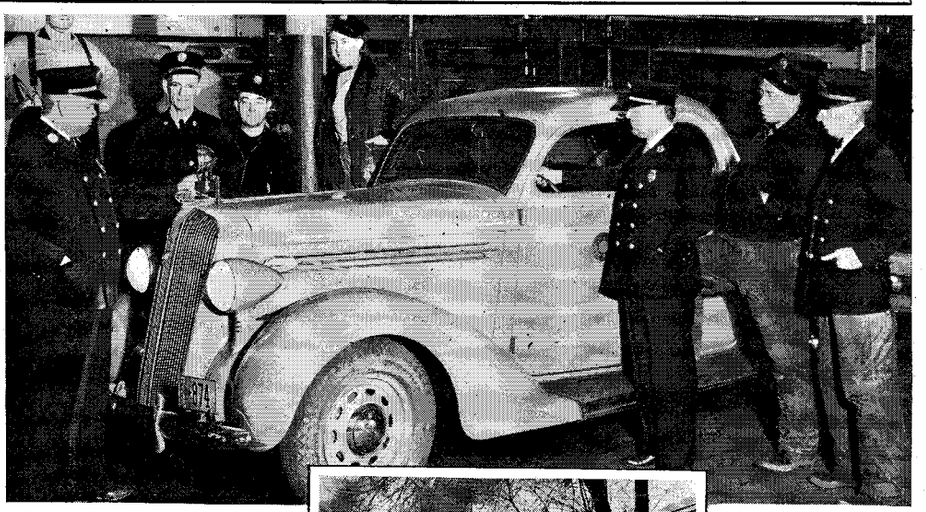
"Rolling to Fires, I want 100% Hydraulic Brakes!"

SO KNOXVILLE CITY OFFICIALS PICK PLYMOUTH FOR THEIR FIRE CHIEF

C. M. JOHNSON, Chief of Knoxville's Fire Dept., likes Plymouth's reliability as well as its safety. "I need a car I can count on," he says.

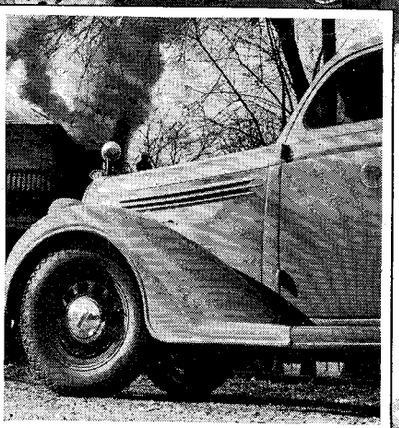


CITY OFFICIALS of Knoxville, Tenn., gave Fire Chief Johnson his choice of "All Three" leading low-priced cars. He examined them carefully... compared features and prices, and picked the 1936 Plymouth!

"Believe me, I want *double-action* Hydraulic brakes on this job," he says, "and a Safety-Steel body, too. I've got to have a big, rugged car that can 'take it' and doesn't tire me out no matter how many calls I get ...day and night. That's why I picked the big 1936 Plymouth!"

Be sure you "Look at All Three" before buying any low-priced car. You will find them priced about alike...but you will also find many extra-value features that give Plymouth a big lead in safety...economy...comfort...reliability...and style. Drive this beautiful, new Plymouth! Ask your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer.

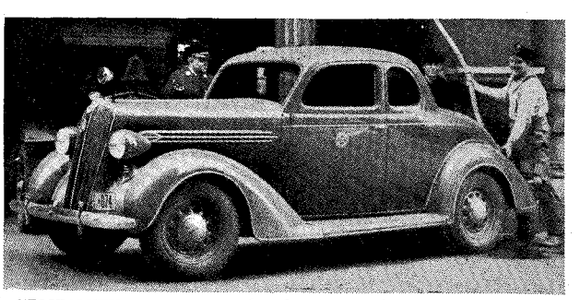
Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corp.



"PLYMOUTH'S RIDING COMFORT and handling ease are real blessings in this line of work," says Chief Johnson.

(*Above*) FIRE DEPARTMENT SERVICE demands a car that stays out of the repair shop, on the job at all times! Plymouth reliability won.

(*Below*) "I OFTEN CARRY fire-fighting equipment in this big, rear deck space. It's a great help," Chief Johnson says.



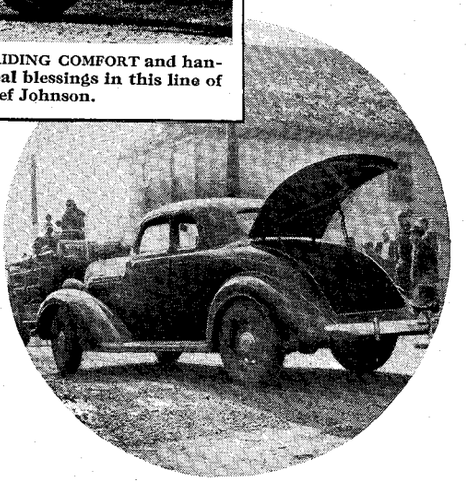
"PLYMOUTH SAVES MONEY for the city on three counts: on gas, oil and upkeep! It's the most economical car we've ever had!"

EASY TO BUY

Plymouth's priced with the lowest...and you can buy a Plymouth for $25 a month. The Commercial Credit Co. offers all Chrysler, Dodge and De Soto dealers terms making it easy to buy.

$510

And up, list at Factory, Detroit
Special Equipment Extra



PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

• TUNE IN ED WYNN, GRAHAM McNAMEE AND ALL-STAR CAST, TUES. NIGHTS, N. B. C. RED NETWORK

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